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FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW-YORK.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

A MILE-STONE by the road-side, or a lamp-post in a city, were they endowed with reflective power, might be supposed to form some idea of the tide of life which flows past them by day, and leaves them stranded in the murk-hours of night to think it over. But for the locomotive which rushes through the land, what could it do but view all things from a false position? Such, it seems to me, is the case with a stray traveller, who finds himself, for a few days or weeks, in a great city, for the first time, and among a people of whom he is not one. Having thus shown that I am quite unfitted for the task, I shall proceed to convey, as best I may, my first impressions of New-York.

The floating-castle, which called itself a steam-boat, and brought me from the Amboy station, was full, and I was there alone. Alone, and in as fair a scene as ever painter's eye might dwell upon. No wonder that Americans look with pride upon the noble bay which, by its adaptation to all the wants of commerce, seems to assure to the queen of her waters, sooner or later, the traffic of the world. Here Nature has been strictly utilitarian: no bold coasts, no lofty peaks arrest the eye; but island, main-land, and bay, seem alike hewn from the living rock, affording natural docks and imperishable quays, land-locked from storms and free from shoals. Such is her work; and, as if to complete the design, a race, unequalled in energy and enterprise, heaps her bare rocks with ware-houses and with dwellings, grasping at once at the reins of commerce and productive art. The beauty of that sun-set upon the water I have never seen surpassed: light and color formed its charm. The outline was that which caused the old Dutch settlers to call it New-Amsterdam; bare marsh with drooping willows; exotic children of the East, undulating, inverted in these western waters: schooners flagging to the lazy breeze, their reflection distorted by the motion of our boat; and over all, the glorious red of an autumnal evening, deepening the

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shadows, and lighting up in bright relief each tree, each stump, and every blade of grass.

I landed, and all the passengers ran ; they were all in haste :

‘THEY stood not on the order of their going,
But went at once.’

Their fortunes might have hinged upon that last half minute. Before I left New-York, this had a sort of feverish effect upon me : I, too, felt a sort of nightmare-haste upon me. In the streets are busy crowds of men :

‘MEN, my brothers—men, the workers, ever reaping something new ;
That which they have done, but earnest of the things that they shall do.’

The first thing that struck me was a certain care-worn expression ; the second, that I had never seen so many well-dressed men ; and the third, that in that crowd I alone was idle.

The first impression of all great cities—I mean the ‘living marts of men,’ not the petrified relics of departed greatness—is to me strikingly similar—one general confusion. Like the calculating-machine, the mind must receive a certain number of turns before it shows a clear result.

When I did begin to comprehend the growing monster that threatens to ‘clip the world’ in its imperial arms, I felt more than ever at a loss to find a parallel in history. Ambitious as Rome, mercantile as Carthage, manufacturing as Tyre, seated like Venice amidst the waters, it grasps at once at all. What though its infant-fingers cannot sway with ease the sceptre ? Where it lays its hand it holds ; and as the grasp strengthens, use gives skill.

The faults of this people—if a stranger may venture to name them—are those of their situation and the nature of their growth ; not born, but accumulated ; a lot separate from the rest of mankind. A child amongst the nations, with the strength and energy of a giant, who shall wonder that the hot blood of youth runs fast and feverish ; and that, boy-like, in its race, it looks back upon, and triumphs over, the competitors it has passed ? The youth of nations is as the youth of man, capable of great things, and prone to follies. Who will take experience as a gift ? It is the one thing we all refuse until we have paid dearly for it. As with the man, so with the nation ; we all deem ourselves exceptions to general rules till inexorable Time bows us down, and wrings ‘*Peccavi*’ from us. Its virtues and its success are its own, wrung by the iron hand of resolute industry from the seas and mountains of its land. In all labor-saving machines they seem to me preëminently great. To say that the taste for arts is unformed, would be to repeat a truism : to say that the elements of such a taste are wanting, would be a slander.

The few great architectural monuments that are scattered over Europe and Asia, as the tide-marks of past generations, are but as the few mountains whose heads are coiffed in white at mid-summer. How many buildings worthy of a place in history have been given to the world during the existence of this people ? How many that will endure as examples when another century shall have swept over the nations ? Destroy

London and Paris, and a few great skeletons, far apart in their dates, would remain, the rest be undistinguished rubbish. This nation has no past to draw her honors from; or if she has, it is rooted in the glory and the shame of another hemisphere. She is now laying her firm foundations. What her superstructure may be, time alone can tell. Yet, surely, we may hope well of a people whose institutions for charitable purposes so nearly keep pace with her growing wants.

The kindness of friends introduced me into the noble asylums upon the Islands. They have been too often described by abler pens than mine, for me to venture upon more than my tribute of admiration to the zeal, intelligence, and success of the devoted men who have charge of them.

The schools, too, in the city-wards, though neither quite new nor original in their plan and conduct, have much that is exclusively their own to recommend them; and no heart, not hardened or callous, could see, without an emotion of pleasure, the happy faces of those children beaming while they labored to learn; or want for trust in the people whose wise providence forestalled the jails and dens of infamy by snatching from them the immature fruit ere yet the hand of defilement was upon them. Truly, charity bears its own reward.

It has always seemed to me unworthy trifling to carp at, and find fault with, the external habits of so miscellaneous a people. Doubtless we meet with much that we think disagreeable; but were it even in good taste for a stranger to reprehend such things, when the country has in her own bosom men whose station and cultivation renders them her fittest and most inexorable censors, it would yet be well to call to mind that in no other country has the traveller been thrown into the same phase of society. Whereas the fashionable hotel of London contains a class distinct and different from others, the Saint Nicholas and Astor deal out their luxury and magnificence to all who are well dressed and can pay for it; a class made up in this country of the most incongruous materials.

The gentleman—if my definition may pass—the man of pure heart and cultivated understanding, is of no nation. From Siberia to Cape Horn, all lands contain them. But here, conventionality claims rank of gentleman for all men. So be it! We will not dispute upon names; but, if we would be just, we must discriminate meanings. The stranger who falls into the hands of American gentlemen, as I understand the word, had best enjoy the advantage and be thankful: genial and warm-hearted, they are noble types of their race. For the ladies, what shall I say? I esteem it my privilege to know a few of them. Should he fall among gentlemen of ‘conventionality,’ and mistake the metal, HEAVEN help him, say I.

As there is no abstract idea of grace or beauty, save in the complete adaptation of each part to the end designed, and the due subservience of the members to the head, so the true criterion of manners and customs must be their fitness for the people for whose use and benefit they are designed. If many things displease a stranger, he should reflect that he is not of the people; and that the habits of life are, in very deed, the dress which the souls of men wear, to be thrown off when they no longer suit.

For example, I dislike the hotel-system because it jars with my tastes : and for no better reason, it interferes with my habits, and forbids what I deem essential to my comfort. But here, it is agreeable to the mass of the people, eminently adapted to their wants and requirements, and, as carried out, is a beautiful development of a plan obnoxious to me, but perfection to those who form their occupants. What if I prefer a home and comfort?—is that a reason that none should enjoy a palace and splendor?

There is one thing which I have found it hard to keep clear of: either affecting approval of what I disliked, or permitting the inference that I wished to find fault. It is difficult to convince men who desire to have their country well thought of, that there is a wide distinction between your private dislikes, and a want of due appreciation of real advantages and merits. The hardest question in the world to answer is, 'How do you like us?'

To conclude, it seems to me that if there is a cloud in the horizon of this country, it is the undue importance which is given to mere children. How shall men govern who have never learned to obey?

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

How often the mem'ry of days that are gone
Illumines the track over life's toilsome way,
When Fancy's delusions have vanished and gone,
And Hope's fairy frost-work has melted away!

Like the sun-light that gilds the hill-tops afar,
When shadows of evening are gath'ring below,
Are those gleams of the past that light up the soul,
Of the days that are gone—gone, long, long ago!

The bright dreams of youth and of friendship return,
And visions come back with the freshness of yore;
While affection recalls, with a sigh and a tear,
The friends that have gone, to return never more.

Kind Mem'ry presides o'er the days that are past,
And with magical spell renews every scene;
The cares we have wept through are hidden from view,
And all the bright vista she mantles with green.

Like clouds that flit over a bright summer's sky,
The visions of hope often vanish away;
But the past is the same—it cannot deceive;
Its long-cherished mem'ries can never decay.

Oh! I would not exchange that bright dream of the Past,
For all that the future can promise me here;
'T is a balm to my breast mid the trials of life,
Though often its memory is wet with a tear.

R. T. M.

W H E A T - F I E L D S I N D Y I N G A U T U M N .

BY THOMAS E. VAN BEEBER.

Not altogether with a face of gloom
Does the old Year, when waning, day by day,
Limp toward his wintry tomb;
But rosy-tinted mists around him play,
And soft autumnal bloom.

E'en when each brightly-painted leaf decays,
And Indian Summer drops her vapory robe;
When garnered is the maize;
When now no longer like a blood-red globe
The sun in mellowest haze

Shows half his disc behind the mountains blue;
When dancing lines of motes no more are seen
With sun-set shimmering through;
Then, smiling o'er the land, rise spots of green,
Oasis-like, to view.

Yes, these are smiles on dying Autumn's face,
When he forgets his heaps of withered leaves,
And turning seer, doth trace,
Beyond the coming winter, golden sheaves,
Bright ripening apace.

What spots of vivid emerald cheer the eye!
One lies embosomed in a boundless wold;
One arches up the sky
Like the grave of a vast giant; hill-tops cold,
With blackening forests high,

Environ one, and shield it from the blast;
Another, as the sun sinks lower down,
And longer shades are cast,
Tints itself, artist-like, from base to crown,
Aye lovelier to the last.

Poised over it, one faintly reddening sphere
Of cloud is by the sky-line cut in twain.
Thus paints the fading Year,
Glossing with delicate half-tints the fresh grain
In coloring mellow-clear.

Thus in Life's closing Fall, when coffin-ropes
Uncoil to let me down to wintry tomb,
May freshening wheat-green slopes,
Self-shading, sun-gilt, charm away the gloom,
And kindle deathless hopes.

S T A G E - C O A C H E S .

'STAGE-COACH. [*Stage and Coach.*] A coach that runs by stages; or a coach that runs regularly every day, or on stated days, for the conveyance of passengers.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

READER, do you ever wonder what has become of all the stage-coaches? You recollect them; I know you do; but you have not given them a solemn thought for the last five years. Somehow, they slipped away from you so quietly and gradually, like a man in consumption, that you cannot now positively say when they drew their last breath. You recollect, away down in that village where you was born, and went to school, and played ball, and went in a-bathing ten times a day during the summer-solstice, there used to be a stage-coach—a daily coach; and you recollect, that every time it came thundering and rocking down the mountain-gorge, in a cloud of dust, how it overwhelmed your young imagination. You can hear, *now*, the long crack of the driver's whip—the heavy shuck of the wheels—and you see yourself running, don't you, with a whoop and a hurra to the tavern, just to see what kind of folks could afford to ride in such vehicles?—and when the nine passengers alighted, you recollect how you followed them around to get a good look at them, that you might inform your mother, when you went home, that you had *seen* and *touched* the passengers in the stage-coach.

You recollect all this, I know. But, if you do not, just sit down an hour alone; dig through the cares and troubles of manhood; heave aside the facts and figures, the bills payable and bills receivable, that lie like a mountain on your heart—the same heart, rather worse for wear, that you wore when a boy—and you will.

There were no two men who engrossed so much of my boyish thought, as Thorp and Sprague; for their stages ran through our village. There it stood, glaring at me, on the door-panel of every coach—'*Thorp and Sprague.*' I could never *see* Thorp *nor* Sprague; but their coaches were ever-present. They seemed to be ever withdrawn from public gaze. I could *hear*, too, about Mr. Thorp and Mr. Sprague; they actually lived somewhere. I recollect, I thought they were two very large, corpulent men; that no one had any right to run, or possibly could run, if they had, stages, but they; and that if either of them should, by chance, appear in the village, there would, of course, be a public reception tendered. When I grew older, I grew wiser. In fact, I became quite a stage-coach traveller.

And this suggests another thought. Where are the persons that used to travel in stage-coaches—when passengers paid fare from Buffalo to Albany? That *was* travelling; there were *passengers* then. There is no body to be found in a rail-road car, who has any right to call himself a passenger. No man has any individuality in such a place. He is so many pounds of flesh and blood, to be delivered at exactly such a time, at such a place. Every man's mind is fixed upon the place of his destination, and what he will do when he gets there. His points of

character never break out for the amusement or instruction of the crowd ; it is impossible ; against the philosophy of steam and speed. Just coolly think of a jolly load of rail-road passengers !—is it not absurd ?

But there were passengers, then. When we loaded at Buffalo, we felt as if we were putting out to sea, amid storms and breakers. It was important to know who manned the ship. We were to become a family in spite of ourselves, and 'sink or swim' together. And in all this, we had no agency ; we were sorted and packed by another. We were to be jostled and ground, until all the sharp corners of our dignity and formality were smoothed. We knew, beforehand, that every person aboard must either develop himself, or submit himself to be developed.

I just now see, in my imagination, one of those cargoes—myself among the number—made up of a judge, a fop, a countryman, two ladies, three dare-devils, and a preacher. The judge was dignity itself, for the first ten miles—a perfect Lord Coke ; spoke in a heavy, sententious way, as though he were speaking to something out of the window ; gave, now and then, a solemn and impressive cough, as if he drew the sound from his boots. The fop seemed overpowered with heat, and amused himself with a scented cambric, brushing particles of dust from his face ; the countryman whistled to himself ; and the preacher said nothing : but the stage took a cant, over we went, and there we were, piled in the mud that oozed through the window. We were all introduced to each other from that moment. The judge swore ; that spoiled his dignity. The fop's clothes were ruined, and he immediately sank down into a piece of dejection and insipidity ; the countryman became knitted to us, from his aid during the disaster ; the preacher convinced us how providential it was, that things were no worse ; and the ladies said they owed us a debt of gratitude, for rescuing them from the ruins, that should never be forgotten.

This overset broke the crust. You know, reader, that almost every man who travels, puts on a kind of crust, like a mantle. Some look oppressively profound in a stage-coach or car, whose wisdom is only ridiculous at home. Others disguise themselves in a shower of words, and talk on stilts, but topple over and come down as soon as they are detected. Others affect the languishing mood ; others, the scholastic ; as I said, travellers put on a crust.

This overset broke the crust, however. When the judge righted himself, and reviewed the disaster, he began at once to soften. The fop was as completely destroyed, as an exploded bottle of small-beer. A man who chooses to put his whole capital in his breeches, ought to be very careful how he exposes it or them ; don't you think so ? The countryman brightened up, and shone like a diamond. Friction did him good.

You begin to see the philosophy of stage-coaches, I dare say ; because I wish it to be distinctly understood, that this is a philosophical article, with here and there a transcendental dash. We travelled together, and at night slept together ; all in that stage-coach. Now, there is familiarity in such a scene. The judge snored like a trumpet, and more than once plunged headlong into a lady's lap. Do you suppose any

person ever heard the judge snore in the village where he resided, except his wife, or supposed a judge could do such a thing; ever saw the judge's head in a lady's lap? Such an infirmity, if known, would have destroyed his decisions; because dignity on the bench decides almost as many cases as law. *We* in the stage-coach saw that the judge was mortal, after all; we took a peep into his 'inner life.' The ladies snored, too — Gracious! — and dashed their bonnets to pieces as they rolled around, and fairly knocked all the starch and manners out of each other; and when the sun arose, they were soft and subdued, like goodness in affliction.

The next day, the judge became as mellow as the Vicar of Wakefield. He unravelled his whole life; his trials in boyhood; his struggles in manhood; his courtship and marriage. The preacher and countryman followed with their autobiographies; tearing up from the past, tender passages that had lain dormant for years. The ladies furnished their histories; and I recollect now — it was thirty years ago — that when the evening light fell aslant the trees, we were slowly climbing a mountain-road, amid the cool dash of waterfalls and the distant whistle of quails, singing in full chorus, with rapt heart and soul, 'Auld Lang Syne.' the judge, all the while, piling in the bass as though he were performing his last.

Now, the point lies here: what else but a stage-coach could have drawn out the little weaknesses of the judge's life; could have made him sing — for he assured me that he had not sung before since he was a boy; could have put the young ladies so much at ease, as to induce them to communicate facts to strangers, that they had probably kept secret from their neighbors? What else? Bless the old stage-coaches! There is nothing like them left in the world.

Do you know, reader, that I have wondered about, and inquired after the persons who composed that load, a thousand times since? I have even felt an interest in the fop, upon the same principle that a person shakes hands with a loafer in a strange land, who would not speak to him at home — that is, association of ideas. True, I have become engrossed in the cares of life, and so have they; 'and what are they to me?' as the world says: but I cannot help it. Awake at midnight, I have seen that same old coach — the same faces, just as they were then — all winding up the mountain; and could distinctly hear 'Auld Lang Syne' ringing through my memory, amid that same dash of waterfalls and whistling of quails.

Reader, there was something rural about stage-coaches. They were for ever passing through lawns, threading streams, ascending slopes and ragged mountain-sides; and they looked as natural on the landscape, as the trees about them. The birds all knew them, and looked down upon them as they passed, with pleasure. Yes, there was poetry about them — poetry of the Wordsworthian school. There was a dignity, too, an ease, a repose of manner, a never-in-a-hurry kind of confidence, that suited well the habits of the age. They had their incidents about them, too. There were, for instance, the men who kept the stage-houses; some of them in cities, and some amid the Sleepy Hollows of the country. Just find me one of those men now, if you can. You recol-

lect, they were large, corpulent pieces of flesh ; carried faces of great benevolence ; wore heavy double-chins, and a very merry twinkle in the eye. They were prompt at the door, in person, when the stage rumbled up — did n't send a subaltern ; bowed out and shook hands with the passengers ; kissed the babies ; were anxious about, and sympathized with every body. And then, they gave you all the news of the day, and talked in a free-and-easy kind of way all the while, as if they knew you, and had known your father and grand-father before you.

These men were landlords. There are no landlords now. No body could be a landlord, in good old stage times, unless he weighed over two hundred ; and laziness and good-nature were absolutely indispensable. Now, we have a diminutive, waspish, weasel-faced class of beings, who only look at the business of tavern-keeping ; who wriggle and twist the coppers out of you, as coolly and maliciously as a Jew in Chatham street ; who calculate how great an imposition you will stand, before breaking out into an uproar ; who will not give you even ' what's in the bond ;' who never smile, because they are under no obligation to ; who act as though they owned all the human flesh under their roofs — as if they had a perfect right to train men around, like a platoon of soldiers, according to their arbitrary will.

All this, reader, is entirely owing to the decease of stage-coaches. When stage-coaches died, the good old landlords gave up the ghost. Where they have gone, I do not pretend to say ; probably, with the lost jack-knives. There have been a great many of both, but they have silently slipped out of sight.

Another incident that belonged to stage-coaches, was the inn. You can see one of them now, reader, perched half-way up the mountain-side, its faded brown sign swinging lazily to and fro. There was a horse rampant on that sign ; a horse that had reared at the public for three quarters of a century. This house was the home of one of these self-same landlords. It had been in the family for three or four generations, and one child was born and bred by each successive landlord, to follow him. This was a stage-house. You knew just what you could have cooked there. The peculiar relish of the meats you could taste before you got in sight of it, because that was an art that went through the family with the descent of blood. You recollect the dish of speckled trout, the broiled chicken, and rye-bread. You even remember the three loungers that you always found sauntering round it : a good-for-nothing looking fellow, who was always attended by a fish-pole and a box of bait, and who supplied the tavern in that line ; the blacksmith, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and smoking a pipe, and continually asking questions ; and the large bull-dog, that lay out in the dirt, lazily snapping at the flies.

If you do not recollect any such inns, nor any such landlords, in stage-coach times, I do. I got shipwrecked once, on a turnpike, in a mountainous part of New-England, and our stage-coach was entirely demolished among the boulders and breakers that lined the road. We finally drifted into one of these very inns, kept by one of these very landlords. There I remained a day. The old man was as gentle, and

mellow, and as full of soul, as one of Goldsmith's essays. He looked as simple and child-like as though he had fished and blown a flute all his life. He put himself and his household to our service, at once. He went away in the hills with us, where we sauntered with our guns and poles until night-fall. All this he seemed to regard as a kind of duty, imposed upon him by his character of landlord. He gave us his history, and informed us that he was at the battle of Bennington. He knew Molly Stark; lived next door to 'her and the old Gin'ral'; and said she was one of the most 'remarkable wim'n with 'arbs in times of sickness, he ever see'd.' (This took down the sublimity of the old lady's revolutionary memory some.) That he was born, and expected to die, in the old tavern. We concluded the day with a game-supper, quickened with cider-brandy; and felt as tall as the cliffs about us before we retired to bed.

Well, what has all this to do with stage-coaches? What to *do*? — a good deal. If you are one of those mathematical geniuses, reader, that cannot endure any thing that does not march along, step by step, with the precision of a problem in Euclid, you had better stop right here; for I say to you, frankly, that I do not intend to demonstrate a single thing in this article.

How is it, now? You don't see any of those men, any of those beautiful landscape-pictures that lie away off, nestled in the by-places of the world. Rail-roads cannot reach them. You hear one everlasting fiz-fiz; a heavy rumble; see two or three swamps, as many forests dancing a hornpipe around you, with a few cattle and sheep flying round after them, and — that's all. Bless the stage-coaches!

But I must not forget the stage-drivers. They certainly did belong to stage-coaches. Here was a whole class of men swept entirely out of existence when stage-coaches died. They are buried with the jack-knives, too. You know they never lived any where in particular, except on a stage-box, and the whole race of them seemed to belong to all the stage-companies in the Union. 'Where can I find Mr. ———?' 'Can't tell you, Sir, he is a stage-driver!' That settles the question. I am sorry to say, that they never did much for the morals of the age in which they flourished; but, as they are mostly gone — the genuine specimens, I mean — I ought not to speak ill of them. Did you ever have one of your mid-night dreams in a stage-coach snattered into pieces by a stage-driver's oath — an oath that cracked like a rifle? You have; I thought so. Do you recollect how his face looked — one side of it swelled out with half a paper of tobacco, like a wen, so that it appeared really painful? You do? Those are the characters I mean.

Taverns to them were just so many ports: they dined with the servant-girls, and slept with the horses; that is, when they did sleep. They were all famous singers, and they sang the old out-of-the-way tunes that had been banished from politer circles: 'Black-Eyed Susan,' 'Bay of Biscay,' 'The Mistletoe-Bough,' and a host of others, all the way down to melancholy ballads about executed criminals, and love-sick Betties. Their lives were made up of drinking, singing, swearing, and driving horses. They are gone: let them go.

What has become of all the stage-coaches? To confess the truth,

reader, I do not know. I went a mile out of my way, a short time since, to see a pile of them, where they were stacked up under an old shed. They looked very forlorn, just as every discarded thing does look. They had evidently seen great service. They assumed, in my imagination, a mass of thought ; a kind of wooden history. They had listened to so many stories, anecdotes, and songs — had made the acquaintance of so many people — had seen so much of the world — that I wondered why they did n't talk. I recollect, too, of seeing one, not long since, timidly skirting along the woods in an out-of-the-way place, as dejected and heart-broken as a solitary Indian in a city. They are not all gone, yet ; but the few that still linger, only make the picture more gloomy.

There was a moral about stage-coaches ; a something that forcibly reminded me of the journey of life : I have no doubt you have felt the same lesson, reader. Do n't you remember, a great many years ago, that you entered, somewhere, a stage-coach ; that you had nine passengers in all ? There was a grey-headed old gentleman, with an ivory-topped cane and a bosom full of ruffles ; a mother, and two blue-eyed children ; a maiden or two, young and joyous as spring. You recollect that it was a May-morning, and all was freshness and life. The swallows were sweeping and chattering over your head ; there was a great stir and bustle to put you under proper headway. There were 'good-byes,' and 'farewells,' and shaking of hands, and messages ; and, with a blow of the horn, an 'all aboard,' a slapping-to of the door, and a crack of the whip, you were off. You travelled over hill and dale, on and on ; but alas ! the number grew less. First, one of the maidens was missing ; she had stopped by the way-side : then, the mother and children were no where to be seen ; their seats were vacant. The dew was hardly off the grass, and the voices of the children, so loud and joyous, were no longer heard. Then, the old man passed away ; and then another, and another, until you found yourself in silence, amid the twilight shadows of evening — alone ! — listening to the rumbling of the wheels, that were carrying you still on. Is there a moral here ? Bless the good old stage-coaches !

S O N G : T O B E S S I E .

MY BESSIE is the sweetest flower
 'That ever bloomed the garden's pride ;'
 Were she a *thorn*, no earthly power
 Could pluck or tear her from my side.

The thorn would prick my hidden sins,
 Restrain me when disposed to strife ;
 Sharp would it probe where vice begins
 T' estrange me from my darling wife.

T' would guard the rose whose perfume rare
 Sheds fragrance e'en on stormy sea ;
 Naught can with flower or thorn compare ;
 Joined on one stalk, they're heaven to me !

North Greenfield, January 2d, 1854.

THE VOICES OF THE OCEAN.

THERE are voices in the streamlet,
Murm'ring through the flowery vale,
And the summer-woods reëcho
With the feathered minstrel's tale:
But the voices of the ocean
To the sailor are more dear
Than these strains of rural music
Unto the landsman's ear.

As his bark, with eagle's swiftmess,
Speeds upon her trackless way,
Sweetly sound the rushing waters,
As she dashes through the spray!
Sweetly, too, among the cordage,
And along the bellying sail,
In a thousand pleasing murmurs,
Breathe the voices of the gale.

When the vivid lightning flashes
Through the gath'ring clouds on high,
And the awful voice of thunder
Peals along the vaulted sky;
When around in wild commotion
Rise the mountains of the deep,
And the winds in mournful dirges
Through the rattling cordage sweep:

E'en amid this strife of nature,
Dauntless o'er the deep he flies;
Calmly views the foaming billows
That in threat'ning fury rise:
And the roar above, around him,
To his bosom brings no fears;
For amid the raging billows
'Tis the voice of God he hears!

When to home and friends returning,
From afar he spreads his sail,
Oh! what joy his bosom filleth
As he counts the fav'ring gale!
Mem'ry waketh from her slumber
As he nears his native shore;
Forms familiar rise around him,
Happy faces smile once more.

Then, full sweetly o'er the billows,
Sounds of well-known voices come,
Wafted by the gentle zephyr,
From the altar of his home.
Oh! it is a heavenly chorus,
Thrilling ev'ry pulse with joy,
Changing care and grief to gladness;
Giving bliss without alloy.

ROBERT T. MACCOUN, M.D.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

IN WHICH THE WILL CHANGES HANDS.

‘Nor ever can two rogues meet in parley, but one shall take a slip by reason of his own conceit: and ten to one, but it be the keener-witted of the two.’ OLD WRITER.

MR. QUID having been a business-man, considers it necessary to use some precautions in approaching Mr. BLIMMER: Mr. BLIMMER being also a business-man, thinks it advisable to exercise some precaution in his interview with Mr. QUID. A business-education is, indeed, a capital way of sharpening the faculties, and making a man of spirit cautious and prudent. I should say that a Wall-street tuition of eighteen months would be one of the best sharpeners of the wits, of a young man of naturally dull parts, that could possibly be devised.

I never, indeed, allow myself to converse casually with a Wall-street man, without anticipating some loss by the transaction. His own observations are of that fragmentary, loose character, from which little definite information can be gained; whereas, he has a way of transmuting all your own small coin of talk into his stock in trade. Thus, if I say, ‘It’s a cool morning,’ he gives a value to the fact by reckoning its influence on coal-stocks, and safely presumes, other things being equal, upon a fractional advance in Delaware and Hudson. If I say, ‘There’s really no news stirring,’ he calculates, with a good deal of certainty, upon an upward tendency in New-Haven Railway — news being, for the most part, confined, during stagnant seasons, to reported accidents upon that vigorously-conducted line of travel.

In the same manner, a general remark, in regard to the healthy state of the money-market, is pretty uniformly followed by a fall in Dauphin — that stock bearing the same relation to moneyed value which the vacuum in a thermometer bears to quicksilver, to wit: negative.

Mr. QUID, then, is cautious in his approaches. He bows respectfully as he enters Mr. BLIMMER’S office, bidding him a very cordial good-morning.

Mr. BLIMMER removes his feet from the stove, and returns his salutation with interest.

Mr. QUID says, introducing himself:

‘Mr. QUID, Mr. BLIMMER.’

‘Happy to see Mr. QUID,’ says BLIMMER.

‘I am informed,’ continues QUID, measuredly, ‘that you were among those who escaped from the wreck of the Eclipse.’

'Just so,' replies BLIMMER.

'A terrible event!' And Mr. QUID blows his nose.

'Very terrible!' says BLIMMER, growing curious.

'I am informed,' continues Mr. QUID, 'that a gentleman of your name, doubtless Mr. BLIMMER himself, has given notice of certain information which he had to communicate, of importance, respecting an old gentleman who perished ——'

Mr. BLIMMER here recalls some business which requires his attention, and calling his boy JERRY from the corner, dispatches him with a note (an old note, it seemed,) to Fulton-ferry, giving him one hour (and he looks at his watch) for the errand. Mr. QUID observes this.

Mr. BLIMMER begs pardon: but — as if he had lost the previous thread of conversation — repeats:

'Sad affair, Mr. QUID, very sad.'

Mr. QUID repeats his suggestion: to which Mr. BLIMMER, being more collected, replies:

'Ah, yes; there was a hint of that sort in the ——, was it not? Rather unnecessary, to be sure; but under such circumstances trifles are noticed. The old gentleman begged to be kindly remembered: a singular old gentleman, Sir; died easily, I believe; I did my best to help him ashore; but he was quite rheumatic.'

'And the old gentleman's name was ——.'

'Ah, you knew him! it was —— bless me!'

'BODGERS, perhaps?'

'BOD-BODYON-BODGERS — I think it was: BODGERS.'

'And there was no special message, which the old gentleman left, Mr. BLIMMER; no writing of any kind?' pursued QUID, with a very strong accent on the word *writing*.

Mr. BLIMMER eyes Mr. QUID keenly, but swiftly. Both, indeed, were keen-looking men on occasions. This was one of those occasions.

'Let me see,' said BLIMMER, recalling himself; 'I think there was; a paper of some sort; a little memorandum-like; possibly in my pocket now, (and Mr. BLIMMER rises.) You are a relative, perhaps, Mr. —— I ask your pardon.'

'QUID, Sir, ADOLPHUS QUID.'

'Ah, quite right; I remember now; cousin, perhaps, or relative?'

'Not a relative, but interested, Mr. BLIMMER.'

'Ah, interested. On the part of the —— FUDGES, perhaps? Respectable old gentleman is SOLOMON FUDGE; deserving man.'

'Not at all,' says Mr. QUID, speaking slowly and pointedly. 'I am interested more directly, Mr. BLIMMER, on the part of the heirs to Mr. BODGERS' elder brother, who died many years ago abroad, and whose descendants, as you will perceive, Mr. BLIMMER, are of much nearer kin than either the FLEMING or the FUDGE branch of the family.'

'Ah, so, quite so, Mr. QUID,' says BLIMMER, who appears to be anxiously rummaging the pockets of sundry coats which hang against the wall; and who does not seem to be very much embarrassed by the earnestness of Mr. QUID's tone.

He does not find the memorandum just now; but he makes no doubt of being able to do so; indeed, if Mr. QUID will do him the favor to

call later in the day, he hopes to put him in possession of such papers as he holds.

Mr. QUID is disturbed ; but feigns tranquillity. Too great eagerness might be fatal. He is sorry to be of trouble to Mr. BLIMMER ; indeed, he shall hope *generously* to repay any endeavors on his part to arrange matters satisfactorily ; and he extends an encouraging and appreciative look over the numerous diagrams of Blimmersville, which decorate the office-walls. His son has expressed himself charmed with the locality ; they hope to ride over some pleasant day ; perhaps Mr. BLIMMER could do them the favor to accompany them. He will call in the afternoon 'at three.'

'At three,' says Mr. BLIMMER.

And they interchanged a very warm-sounding 'good-morning.'

There are a great many 'good-mornings' spoken which are only a mild form of swearing. I hope it was not so in this instance.

Mr. BLIMMER, the door being closed with a soft slam, threw himself into a posture of repose, and reflected rapidly. QUID is, of course, anxious (he thinks) to become possessed of such a document as lies in his hands ; he would naturally (he reflects) bid high for it. He would probably destroy it — naturally enough. But perhaps, after all, QUID's claims are good for nothing. What then ? PHOEBE FUDGE and the widow FLEMING are joint heirs. Old SOLOMON then might be disturbed by the production of such a document. A man in his position (Mr. BLIMMER does not know of the sight-drafts and WASH. FUDGE's duel) would hardly bid for accommodation. Mr. QUID seems his man. KITTY has lost his sympathy ; indeed, the whole FUDGE family are confounded in the tumult of his aggrieved feelings — naturally enough.

Following upon this stage of reflection, there comes to Mr. BLIMMER a period of action. He locks the door, the hour for JERRY's return not being up ; draws the curtains — dusky moreen ; he draws out from his safe Mr. BODGERS's Will, and on a clean sheet of foolscap, like as possible to the original, commences a copy ; writing in back-hand, but rapidly. He hesitates about signing the names : one naturally looks for a signature to such an instrument in a distinct hand ; beside which, it is awkward work signing names for other people, whether at the foot of notes, or, for that matter, upon the backs.

The boy would do the names better : but the boy must not suspect. Trust BLIMMER for that ; and the Blimmersville proprietor thereupon makes an expressive gesture with his hand, significant of a high estimation of his own shrewdness, but yet not of a kind to be looked for in the proprietor of a village.

Presently the corner-boy JERRY comes in. He is a short-haired, half-Irish boy ; one of that numerous race which is growing up in our city between lawyers' offices, the haunts of washer-women, and corner publication shops ; a race which, as it develops in knowledge of the world, and in familiarity with the habits and principles of the bar, will furnish eloquent speakers to the *caucuses* of the Bowery, and a grand intonation to the plaudits in Tammany Hall. And it is not unlikely that some among them will thereafter obtain a contract for paving a street, or for

digging a sluice-way, which will make them nabobs. Future years shall behold them in brown-stone houses upon (who knows?) Madison or Union-square, with native wives in claret carriages, and with tall sons who shall wear tight plaid pantaloons, and glorify themselves in the eyes of all bar-keepers and chamber-maids, by smoking three-cornered cigars on the steps of the New-York Hotel.

Now, however, the ancestor of such degenerate offspring is Irish JERRY, serving, for six shillings a week, the redoubtable BLIMMER.

'JERRY!' says BLIMMER.

'Sir!' says JERRY.

'How comes on your writing, JERRY?'

'Pr-retty fair, Sir.'

'Let me see,' says BLIMMER.

And the crop-haired boy brings forward some papers which he has been transcribing.

'More attention to your caps, JERRY; not plain enough. Bring a clean sheet; sit here; now then, try an A.'

'Pretty good. Your Ts are bad; try a T.'

'Not so crooked a top, JERRY;' and BLIMMER sets him a sample; a very TRUMAN-like sample.

'Try a B now, my boy.'

And the devoted BLIMMER continues instruction, until JERRY has nearly filled a sheet with stark-mad capitals; principally confined, however, to Bs and Ts, and such like difficult letters.

'Try a name now, my boy; let me see — write Boggs!'

And after this follows Trenton, and various practice, until the sheet is full. But a boy who improves so fast shall have paper enough, says BLIMMER; wherewith he lays before him a sheet on which he has himself been scribbling.

'Beat my hand, if you can, boy,' says BLIMMER, enthusiastically; 'write HARRY FLINT here in the corner.'

BLIMMER takes up the sheet and seems to admire it contemplatively.

'Did you ever write back-hand, my boy?'

'Don't know it, Sir,' says JERRY.

'Ha! ha! why, don't know it?' says BLIMMER, intensely amused; 'why, this is back-hand,' showing a bit of his own; 'and this,' showing an old letter; 'and this awkward-looking thing,' and BLIMMER slips under his eye the actual signature of old BODGERS, appended to the will.

'You could beat that, to be sure, JERRY. Let us see.'

And JERRY dashes it down in the corner of Mr. BLIMMER's copy; altogether unconscious what may hang on that fragment of blurred writing.

And after this, BLIMMER rewards JERRY with a new and clean sheet, and, directing the writing of BLIMMER and Blimmersville, and GEORGE WASHINGTON, and General JACKSON, appears to grow less and less interested in his scholar, and finally gives him up to a chance column in the Directory.

Mr. BLIMMER slips the copy in a drawer until the time for JERRY's

dinner arrives. Then, by himself, the careful gentleman folds and dries the copy, thrusting it a time or two in the ashes, to give the edges a worn look.

JERRY wonders, over his boiled beef and cabbage, what the old man can be so 'soft' upon him for; and why he wants just now such a stock of capitals, and such a writing of out-of-the-way names.

The village-proprietor, meantime, waiting the arrival of Mr. QUID, indulges in various reflections.

He is not altogether a bad man; the last man in the world, as he avows to himself, to forge a will, literally. But he wishes to watch matters, somewhat; he has availed himself of an innocent business-disguise for this end. He does n't feel at liberty to trust the genuine document in the hands of Mr. QUID. There might be a risk in it. Mr. QUID might venture to destroy it. In such event, the old will stands good. And should he publish it, (hardly to be supposed,) then the deception is no way harmful. At any rate, he satisfies himself (as we are all apt enough to do) with his own action, and receives Mr. QUID in a very cordial manner.

Mr. QUID is, upon this visit, accompanied by QUID junior, whom he introduces to Mr. BLIMMER as his son, and the undoubted heir, through right of his mother, to the BODGERS estate.

Mr. BLIMMER is delighted to make his acquaintance, and finds him a chair with a whole back.

Mr. QUID hopes that Mr. BLIMMER has been successful in his search. 'Perfectly;' but he fears, on looking over the memorandum, that it will not be altogether agreeable to Mr. QUID. On examination, he finds that the memorandum bears the form of a will, by which the deceased bequeathed his property, in a very extraordinary manner, (saving a few bequests) to Miss KITTY FLEMING.

Mr. QUID manifests less embarrassment than BLIMMER would have imagined, and observes, in a chirrupy manner, that the will is probably 'witnessed and signed.'

Mr. BLIMMER says, 'Certainly.'

Mr. QUID is evidently affected; so is ADOLPHUS.

'Is Mr. BLIMMER sure?' says the junior.

'Sure.'

Mr. QUID senior begs, thereupon, to ask, as a mere matter of curiosity, if Mr. BLIMMER has informed the FLEMING family, or, indeed, any party, of the existence of this will.

Mr. BLIMMER apologizes, in very warm terms, for his over-sight in not having yet done so; he anticipates great pleasure in bringing to the knowledge of —

Mr. QUID takes Mr. BLIMMER's hand in a warm manner; he begs that he would exercise *discretion*; 'a discretion which, under the circumstances, might ensure to Mr. BLIMMER immense advantage.'

Mr. BLIMMER seems to reciprocate the sentiment silently.

Mr. QUID would, of course, be glad to see the document in which he has so near a concern; so would his son.

'I dare say,' says Mr. BLIMMER; 'but, gentlemen, would it not be proper to lodge this paper at once in the hands of the surrogate, or at

least of some magistrate, in order to avoid unpleasant suspicions? You perceive, I dare say, gentlemen, how the matter stands.'

Young QUID has turned an admiring and very eager look upon the Blimmersville lots. Mr. QUID, senior, looks relenting and generous. BLIMMER resolutely slips a thumb in the button-hole of QUID's coat, and draws him into a corner. They talk in whispers. Mr. BLIMMER intimates that the making of QUID's fortune is in his hands. Mr. QUID admits that he is exceedingly desirous of gaining possession of a document of so much importance.

Mr. BLIMMER intimates that he has had some difficulty in the matter; it was an important trust; he should hesitate to relinquish it without receiving some guarantee in writing, or perhaps — money; that — in short, Mr. QUID must be fully aware of the state of the case.

Mr. QUID seemed to be. They appeared, indeed, to agree. What the terms of the bargain were, by which poor KITTY's inheritance was to be placed in the hands of the QUIDS, I cannot say. Perhaps it will appear as the story ripens into fulfillment; perhaps not. There hardly seems a chance that between these two business-men, any part of the old uncle's liberality will come near to KITTY FLEMING. The weak ones of the world are every day yielding to the strong; it is so in Lombard, Italy; and it is so in Wall-street.

The reader has, without doubt, anticipated the delivery of the copy of TRUMAN BODGERS's will into the hands of Mr. QUID; which would leave chances still pending between the insatiate lover Mr. BLIMMER, and the defenceless girl, my cousin KITTY. The reader, however, is for once mistaken; his novel-reading experience is at fault. Mr. BLIMMER did not consign away from his keeping the copy, but, by a stupid oversight, the veritable document!

Now, indeed, the reader of sensibility may shed tears.

Mr. BLIMMER did not discover his mistake until the QUIDS, father and son, in happy humor, had bidden him a cordial good-evening. I shall not attempt to describe the emotions of Mr. BLIMMER on discovering upon his table the rapid copy which he had himself executed in a masterly manner, and the somewhat staggering signatures of his accomplished clerk.

JERRY went home that night with a bump upon his head, which, as it resulted, in his view, from a rap wholly undeserved, provoked in him a very bitter train of thoughtfulness. An old proverb says, 'It is best to have the good-will, even of a dog.'

It was observed, by those curious in the history of Blimmersville lots (who were not numerous) that within a short time after the interview related, a large number of choice sites in the proposed village passed into the proprietorship of ADOLPHUS QUID, junior. I regret to be compelled to add, that the site for the proposed church was among these. It is to be feared, therefore, that the proposed village will remain for a still longer and, indeed, indefinite period, without church-privileges.

BRIDGET FUDGE, I should have remarked, has indignantly withdrawn her promise to embroider a cross for the cover of the proposed reading-desk of the church to be erected in BLIMMERSVILLE.

I fear JEMIMA has been doing injustice to BLIMMER

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

SHOWING NO HOPE IN HARRY

HOUSSAYE says of ANDRÉ GRETRY, in his pleasant book about poets: 'He loved those most whom he did not see; it was hope, rather than the memory of love; reverie, rather than passion.' It seems very natural.

THE Americans are in the habit of boasting their security against revolution. It is true enough that we have no wicked things to pull down, and no idols to set up; but in place of this, there is going on, in a quiet fashion, a prodigious social revolution which undermines, year by year, the thrones of the JENKINES, and the PINKERTONS, and the WHAT-NOTS, and paves a golden road to supremacy for the BROWNS, and the SMITHS, and the WHAT-D'YE-CALL-EMS.

Let the police of the mantua-makers and bill-brokers do what they will, and they cannot arrest that stupendous swell of golden and fashionable principles which swamps, one by one, the inhabitants of small houses, and the keepers of one-horse gigs, and establishes upon their dismembered ruins the successful jobbers of John-street, and the contractors for the Corporation.

Well may all ambitious spirits exclaim: 'Would that I were born a cousin to the Common Council, or an inventor of paving-stones!'

We have not even the consolation of possessing, among the débris of revolutions, a party of the *ancien régime*. The wreck of the past sinks not only out of power, but out of all position. The city incense is consumed for only one set of nostrils. The foremost noses catch it all; and the hindermost titillate the mucous membrane with cheap snuffs, and bide their time.

I am aware that I am figurative, and perhaps, like most figurative writers, obscure. I mean to say, however, in plain language, that the elegant will not be always elegant, the PINKERTONS always PINKERTONS, or the FUDGES always FUDGES. Four generations — as generations count in the New-York cycle (shorter than most) — are sufficient, in ordinary centuries, to effect the revolution at which I have hinted. If SOLOMON FUDGE, wife, daughter, and son shall have reached, during the present epoch, a mentionable place upon the social calendar; if the Papa guards well the stocks, reality, or bonds which underlie the family structure; if Madame offends not against religion, and continues to buy hats of LAWSON; if Mademoiselle accomplishes her French, and gets always her gowns of GAVELLE; if WASHINGTON is recognized as a nice young man, there is reason to believe that the suns of the next generation will ripen the remnants of my aunt's stock into one of the 'first families' of New-York.

But, the zenith once reached, decline becomes inevitable; and there is reason to fear that the grand-children may linger out a wretched existence on club-room door-steps, or in the society of *artistes*; and as for their descendants, (supposing them honestly married,) they may very likely droop into professional employment, or some unknown and honest occupation.

But even here, the third or fourth in descent from the stout PHŒBE

will have a hard struggle to make their place good against the strong-witted fellows, who have been schooled by country-poverty, and strengthened by a country-heaven; and who have come to the city, if they come at all, very resolute to make their way sure.

Many a time, in philosophic humor, I single out upon the walks of the town, some coarse-clad boy, with an awkward kind of wonder, and yet spirit in his eye, with a quick, firm step, and a bold daring in his carriage, who, I fancy, will, thirty years hence, have accumulated some great store of influence, if not of money, and command the key to those halls at which he gazes now so wonderingly. And in the same mood, I am apt to cast some pitiful horoscope for the weak-limbed children who are reared under city glass, and the corrupting notion that effeminacy creates refinement; and as I see them staggering along, in the leading of French nurses, and under clouds of lace, their frail walk seems to me to epitomise the life through which they will stagger on, always beclouded; and with never the gain of that self-supporting energy without which, under such institutions as ours, a man sinks below the level of a citizen.

I have said thus much, in a sermon-like way, as a preface to some farther account of those two representatives of young manhood, Mr. HARRY FLINT, now Attorney at Law in the city of San Francisco, and Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE—elegant young gentleman, suspected of duellism and of intrigue in Paris. At the present epoch of their history, as it appears in these 'observations,' there is scarce a city-mother of them all, but would welcome to their arms (meaning their daughters' arms) the elegant WASH.; and there is hardly one but would blush to give our friend HARRY a corner-seat in their Sunday-pew.

Let those who will, mourn over the last; I shall reserve my own tears for my exquisite cousin WASH.

San Francisco has proved the grave of a great many young and vigorous hopes; chiefly, however, belonging to those who fancied that to be in the neighborhood of gold was to get it; and that if they carried their pitchers to a good well, they would fill without a dipping. Such adventurers might have stayed their appetites by looking in at the windows of BALL, TOMPKINS, and BLACK; and would have learned Spanish by attentively regarding the cover of BARETTI's octavo Dictionary.

It is my opinion, that without work, and spirit, and nerve, a young, or an old man, is as well in a Dauphin 'dip,' as in a Sonora placer. But HARRY FLINT had them all; clouded, very likely, with the 'over-cast' of leave-taking, and vague, shadowy creations of that active boy-fancy, which in the past years of all of us, has kindled home-glories, not very far from the places that cherished us; glories that fade. I will not venture to say, that in the lulls of the short ocean-crossing, there did not course over HARRY's mind, doubts, and questionings, which almost took the edge away from his stronger purpose. But he put them down, even as the broad sun-shine and soft south-breezes put down the waves, which high and cold winds had blown up.

HARRY had, moreover, I dare say, his share of those gigantic thoughts which pile out of ocean's level, to the eye of youth, and which seem to

lift, and spread in rays of light, like a golden sun-rise ; dashed, however, I do not doubt, with clouds, when the thought leaned over him, in times of musing, of the pretty country KITTY, who had chased butterflies with him in the summer days gone ; no more butterflies for the man : no more such summer gambollings ; no more of KITTY for ever.

And the mellowing of such thought may, very likely, have made him cling more lovingly to the old prayer-book in which a mother, that he once had, had written (with ink now grown pale) his name and her own. Dreamy religious hopes, and vague worldly griefs, or disappointments, touch each other very closely ; and make up between them a delicious kind of sentiment, without, I am sorry to say, much active force in any direction, and not abiding a single swift call of duty. They are like, if I may serve myself of a rhetorical figure, the pretty coils of mist which float from the river-tops of a summer's morning, seeming almost to be clouds, but drank up and consumed utterly when the sun has mounted.

Crowding griefs, like crowding joys, are great kindlers of the religious element, which, in the ordinary roads of life, where are neither dangers of pit-fall, nor any bows of promise, is but too apt to play the part of a stupid and drowsy sentinel. When, therefore, we are disposed to praise a man for any show of religious fervor, it is worth while to inquire whether his spirit has been stirred by past suffering, or quickened by present hope.

A man is judged by his temptations, as much as by his actions ; and forces which give rapid motion on descending ground, will grow tame enough upon a level, and vanish altogether where hills are to be mounted.

All which has very little to do with our friend HARRY, and his ventures in San Francisco ; I, therefore, march straight back to my subject.

HARRY knew how to work ; and did work ; he had, moreover, an open, honest face, which tempted trust in others ; and this is not without its effect, even among sharpers. He had, moreover, the less serviceable quality of trusting others too blindly — a youth-like fault, which is cured with using — most of all, in such intercourse as our growing State of California affords. A small token of this harmful quality of our friend HARRY's nature, must be joined to this history : I speak of nothing less than the loss of a snug bit of capital which he had borne across the seas with him, and which the offer of large returns tempted him to loan, upon that uncertain kind of security which, from no small observations of my own, I am satisfied, is apt to accompany the percentages which are reckoned by the month. As a general rule, that interest-money, which much exceeds the marketable rates of the world, is found to leak out of the capital which serves as security ; and in the metallic, as well as in the vegetable world, excess of flowering and fruit is found to exhaust the juices of the trunk.

But there was left to HARRY, for a time at least, the capital of a stout arm and a quick brain ; than which, in my opinion, no better capital can belong to a hopeful American, who has youth and health for his endorsers.

It will be remembered that he had left Newtown a few days before the final leave-taking of Mr. BODGERS; and the news of that old gentleman's sudden decease did not reach him until he had gained his new home upon the Pacific. I need not say it was a surprise to him, and had almost said, it was a relief; for I do believe that, had he still remained in the ancient village, he would have made one of the most cheerful mourners at the old gentleman's tomb.

Indeed, had his funds been in a less exhausted condition, I am inclined to think that he would, most unwisely and foolishly as it seems to me, have given up his new projects of life, re-crossed the two oceans, and paid his tribute of melancholy at the grave of Squire BODGERS. And if, in such event, he had witnessed the confiding way in which a certain KITTY FLEMING leaned upon the arm of an elegant and youthful Mr. QUID, I think his religious fervor would have left him utterly, and the third commandment, in a mild form, have been broken.

It was fortunate, then, that he had lost his capital. The letters which conveyed to him the news of the river-accident, gave no intelligence of the state of the affairs of the BODGERS estate; and it was only at a very much later date that he received from the gossiping aunt, who cherished kindly the fortunes of his little sister, a very rignarole account of expectancies, on the part of FUDGES, QUIDS, and FLEMINGS. I shall take the liberty of subjoining a portion:

'You have heard,' she says, 'of the old Squire's death; no body knows yet to whom his property is going. Some said to Mrs. FUDGE, or to Mrs. FLEMING; but now there is talk of a city young fellow, who is connected, no body knows how, with an elder sister or brother of the Squire's, and so lays a claim to the whole of the property. They do say, too, that young Mr. QUID, which is the name of this person, is courting Mistress KITTY, who has grown, they say, very city-like, and it may be true. I do n't like the furbelowing she has got in the town; and there are as nice fish in the sea, HARRY, as ever were caught: which will be true when you come home.'

Squire BIVINS looks very wise about matters, as is of right he should, and shakes his head in the talk about KITTY, and Mrs. FLEMING, and QUID, and the rest, and seems to know more than he tells. They *do* say he made the Squire's will, and keeps it in his pigeon-hole. KITTY BIVINS says that KITTY won't be so rich as people think; and that she is no better than the country-folks in Newtown.

'The Squire's house is shut up, and people say is haunted with an old gentleman with an arm slung in a bandana handkerchief, as when he died, which I do not believe. Bessy is charmingly, the dear thing, and sends a kiss to you.'

And HARRY takes the kiss joyfully, and the chit-chat of the old lady very thankfully; and abandoning, or trying hard to abandon, all other memories of the leafy by-ways of Newtown, rustling in his night-ear often, girds himself to work like a man. But crosses, and vexations, and sicknesses lie across the way of almost all of us, as we push on to fortune; and soon the harsh, dry atmosphere of that Pacific coast, with its burden of dust, cut through the health-armor, that friend HARRY had long worn so bravely, and laid him, a very repining and despondent mortal, upon a sick-bed.

Sickness is awkward any where, with the fretting of nurses, and the long-delayed visits of doctors, and the consciousness that you, and all you have to work for, is at a stand-still, while the world, roaring in at your window, is pushing on fastly, and shaking you from its remembrance. But most of all is this true in a far-away place, where no

coming friends can cheat you of the out-side lapse of things, and where time and work are all that keep you a-foot in the noisy whirl.

Poor HARRY, then, suffered bitterly; and his uneasy delirium took strange and ungracious phases, in which a little friend, of dainty summer-hat, appeared transformed into a fine lady driving in a claret-coach, and with strange-faced companion. The doctor looked doubtfully upon his case.

I could heartily wish, with every sympathetic reader, that he could now have the care of even the lean MEHITABEL, and be restored again to the 'corner-office,' and the hum-drum life of the deserted village. It might well be that the air would restore him again; it might well be, too, that he should have an important word to add to the discussions of administrators upon the BODGERS estate, around the dusty table of EBENEZER BIVINS.

And if Fate, which plays such odd pranks with all of us, had not just now tossed him away across the seas, and stretched him on a bed, from which there is faint hope of his rising again, HARRY might give important testimony. Indeed, had he never shown the absurd jealousy which misled him on a certain occasion; and had he taken a reasonable view of the old uncle's intent; and could he now acquaint the officiating administrator with his witnessing the will; and could he trace up the paper to the hands of the discomfited BLIMMER, and the JERRY-like copy of the instrument; and could he, thereafter, leave a bouquet at the door of Mrs. FLEMING; and follow up such advance with a moonlight walk in the company of Mistress KITTY, and thrust into her hands the rent-roll of the late Mr. BODGERS, and swear that, being an heiress, he will never think of her more; and shortly after repent, and swear that he will love her 'for ever and a day,' I might close my observations of the FUDGE family, with the present chapter, in a very effective manner. But historians cannot dispose of PROVIDENCE; and even biographers are compelled to show a reasonable regard for facts.

HARRY, as I said, is upon a sick-bed, from which there is a likelihood that he may never rise again. The will, which might place the BODGERS estate in the hands of my cousin KITTY, is in the keeping of the QUIDS—if, indeed, it be not destroyed. The discomfited BLIMMER is sold doubly to secrecy. KITTY is beset with snares, if she has not altogether lost the innocence of her country-nature. Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE is in a difficult position. My aunt Mrs. PHCEE, delighting in an elegant round of acquaintances, sympathizes, for once, with the straitened condition of her husband. WILHELMINA is doubtful of the SALLE, and despairs of the SPINDLE. WASHINGTON—but I am confounded with the mass of my material and the intricacy of events. So far from finishing my story with the present chapter, I must open a new one, with the FUDGE and GUERLIN intrigue.

THE SCIOTO: A DISTICH.

'I GAZED upon the swift Scioto
And wondered where its waters go to!'

L O V E A N D M A R R I A G E .

A BACHELOR'S GROWL.

WHEN lovers are wooing and cooing,
 Pursuing some woman for wife,
 Nought is thought of the storm that is brewing
 To bring cloudy weather for life:
 But those who have gathered the flowers
 From the foot-fall of CUPID that spring,
 Know there grow in *Hymeneal* bowers
 Thorns, nettles, and briars that sting.

He swears never wooer was truer;
 She vows she allows not a beau
 To be near, or appear as aught to her,
 Save as one that she slightly may know.
 But those who are by when they sigh,
 And such little perjuries make,
 Can't conceive how these lovers can lie —
 Under such heavy mists of mistake.

Their style of exclusive devotion
 Is all very well in its way;
 But this very unsociable notion
 They find, after marriage, 'don't pay.'
 'My darling,' will last for a while;
 For a while he at intervals kissed;
 But, though parted by many a mile,
 'Tis rarely that Madame is *Miss*-ed.

This 'paying addresses' possesses
 A charm, as each lover allows;
 But repeatedly paying for dresses
 Must follow *Hymeneal* vows.
 Though CUPID the office conceals
 That each hapless sufferer fills,
 Yet HYMEN, more honest, reveals
 His duty of 'paying up' bills.

The Paradise promised by CUPID,
 With cherubs as guardian-sprites,
 Is rendered remarkably stupid
 To those who must sleep there o' nights
 These cherubs must all of them eat,
 Though the fact is a lover beneath;
 And his 'Heaven below' is replete
 With wailing and cutting of teeth.

But a lover will never discover
 A fault in the one he would wed;
 From his dream never seems to recover
 Till his lamb to the altar is led.
 His idol then proves an ideal;
 Still worship he possibly can;
 Yet, though he may love what is real,
 You'll allow he's an altar-ed man.

J. E. O.

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WE are fully aware of the difficulties to be surmounted, in preparing a biographical and critical sketch of this 'delight of the court, and darling of the muses,' as he was so often styled by his admirers. Most of the amatory poets who were contemporaries with Suckling have passed into comparative oblivion, even their very names being forgotten, save by the quiet scholar, who loves to linger over their literary beauties, and trace, in the efforts of their muse, the gradual progress of our language toward its present refinement. Selwyn, Walter, Bartlets, Carew, Matthews — how few, in our day, know that such poets ever had existence! And yet, to the student of early English literature, they form part of that literary galaxy of wits and poets, whose lively productions afforded instruction and amusement to the refined court of the first Charles; and from whom, many a greater poet since their day has borrowed some of his finest thoughts and most beautiful imagery. The age in which our poet flourished gave birth to a number of these amatory poets, possessing considerable merit; but the palm of superiority most undoubtedly belongs to Suckling, in the judgment of his contemporaries, and the literary award of after times clearly sustains the correctness of that judgment. When we take into consideration that the verses of Suckling consist mainly of the careless effusions of a gay courtier of the reign of the first Charles, they certainly possess remarkable merit. He did not elaborate like Sedley, or indulge in the metaphysical style so common to Waller; but certainly, none of his own school will compare with him. He possessed as much wit and poetry as either Carew, Rochester, or Dorset, while in the harmony of his verse, and the refined character of his thought, he stands superior to all.

In some respects, there is a striking similarity between Suckling and Beranger, the song-poet of France. The same harmony of versification, that surprising mastery of rhythm, the same vividness of imagery, the same devotion to the charms of the fairer portion of creation, equally distinguish both. We do not wish to disparage by the comparison. There are, undoubtedly, some points in which the French song-poet surpasses the English; but we very much doubt if Beranger ever produced any thing equal to those beautiful lines of Suckling, 'On a Wedding,' commencing:

'I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
Oh! things beyond compare!'

Among his contemporaries, Suckling was deservedly esteemed, and fairly beloved by his brother poets. With them, he was the sweetest

songster, the most refined gentleman, and the most dashing cavalier, of the age. The social circle was his theatre for display, and in the sessions of the poets and wits of his time, when those glorious spirits came together to enjoy sweet converse — ‘the feast of reason and the flow of soul’ — Suckling shone conspicuous.

What man is there of so little taste and imagination, upon whom the romance of the past has not, at some period of his life, left a glowing impression? There is, in the retrospect of every age, a kind of literary oasis, a particular circle of gifted ones, to whose eloquence it would have been rapture to listen, in those joyous moments when, in the social circle, reserve was gone, and gay and joyous humor reigned in its place. To have tasted sack with Shakspeare, to have made a third with Jonson and Drummond; to have listened to the roystering mirth, the wit-combats between Shakspeare and glorious ‘old Ben’ at ‘the Mermaid,’ that resort of good fellows of the olden time; to have seen those things

‘DONE at the Mermaid, heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest:’

this, indeed, would have been a feast for the gods.

It was in the midst of such brave spirits as these that Suckling shone in all his lustre; with wit to ‘set the table in a roar,’ with powers of conversation, adorned with a most brilliant and rare fancy, he was, indeed, the master spirit of revels like these. And although we cannot subscribe to the character he gives of himself, that

‘He loved not the muses so much as his sport,’

we can readily conceive how the social talents of our poet must have been appreciated and encouraged by the literary wits and gallant courtiers, whose presence made the court of Charles, at that time, the most polished and refined in Europe.

Of the early history of the subject of our narrative, very little is known. It is well ascertained, however, that he was descended from highly-respectable parentage. His mother was sister to Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterward created Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer. His father, who had been returned in 1601, as member for the borough of Dunwich, was subsequently made Secretary of State, and Comptroller to the household of King James I. Under the unfortunate Charles Stuart he retained those dignified positions, and was by that monarch elevated to the high rank of Privy Councillor. It is reported, that the wit of the son was derived from his mother, as his father was but a dull fellow. We doubt, however, whether this is correct; for, in the parliamentary debates of this period, there are some speeches of Suckling, remarkable for their solidity, vigor, and terseness of language. His mother appears to have been a lady endowed with many virtues, and most tenderly beloved by her husband. In the church of St. Andrews, at Norwich, a splendid tomb, rich in statuary and allegorical sculpture, still commemorates her saint-like piety and many virtues, in the one comprehensive line:

‘Thou wert so good, so chaste, so wise, so true!’

After passing through the preparatory schools of the day, in 1623, Suckling was removed to Cambridge college, and matriculated at Trinity. He was then in his sixteenth year. While at Cambridge, he is reported to have distinguished himself by his facility in the acquirement of the dead languages; and, although the statement of one of his biographers, that 'he spoke Latin at five, and wrote it at nine,' may well be looked upon as fabulous, we have the united testimony of many of his biographers, that at Cambridge he was remarkably distinguished by the strength of his genius, and his capacity as a linguist.

On the twenty-seventh of March, 1609, his father died; an event which no doubt contributed in a great degree to the development of a fondness for gayety and dissipation; as the well-known gravity of the father's character would have aided essentially in diverting him from the many youthful indiscretions into which he afterward fell, from his early exposure to the allurements of a gay and splendid court. Shortly after his father's death, in accordance with the system of education then so common among the wealthy, Suckling went abroad, being then in his nineteenth year. During his absence from England, he visited France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. No doubt his talent for observation enabled him to study with correctness the picture of human nature spread out before him, under the varying influence of climate, manners, laws, and differing religious creeds; though the assertion of his panegyrists, that he made a collection of their virtues, without any tincture of their vices and follies, is unhappily contradicted by many extravagances and youthful indiscretions.

Germany, at the period of his visit, was an object of universal attention: upon her rested the eyes of Europe, attracted by the wonderful exploits and glorious victories of Gustavus Adolphus; and yet more strongly regarded by England, in consequence of the misfortunes of the Prince Palatine of the Rhine, who had married the only sister of the British monarch.

The marquis of Hamilton, commissioned by the English monarch, commanded, at this period, a body of six thousand men, aiding the King of Sweden in behalf of the Palatinate. Suckling joined the forces of the Marquis, being one of the forty gentlemen who served about his person. This body of English troops rendered very effective service to Gustavus, at the first defeat of Tilly, before Leipsic, a battle of considerable importance at the time, and most vigorously contested. Suckling was also present at the sieges of Crossen, Guben, and Magdeburg, obtaining considerable military eclat for his conduct, not only at these sieges, but in several actions fought during the inroads of Hamilton in the provinces of Lusatia and Silesia. The only letter extant, written by him during this period, we give, as affording an instance of the ease and vigor of style for which his epistolary correspondence was so celebrated:

'MY LORD: Your humble servant had the honor to receive from your hands a letter, and had the grace, upon the sight of it, to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march; and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood, than ink; and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially, those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure you, that

he who sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it; and that it must be no less than necessity that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me. I am still the humble servant of my Lord — that I was, and when I cease to be so, then I cease to be

JOHN SUCKLING

On the conclusion of his campaigns, he returned to England, having obtained considerable reputation for courage, wit, and gentlemanly bearing. To a frankness of manners, and a graceful person, he, at this period, united an easiness of carriage, and an elegance of address, so remarkable as to draw forth the observation, 'that he had the peculiar happiness of making every thing that he did become him.' 'He was so famous at court,' says Sir William Davenant, 'for his accomplishments, and ready, sparkling wit, that he was the bull that was baited, his repartees being most sparkling, when most set on and provoked.'

To understand the full value of the accomplishments thus awarded to our poet, it is necessary to take a retrospect of the particular period in which they were called into such vigorous action.

The love of liberty was then just springing into the bone and sinews of that lusty manhood which, in a few short years, found itself endowed with sufficient strength to overturn the throne, murder the king, banish the royal family, and, upon the ruins it made, rear the stern and gloomy Protectorate. A class of men were growing up in the state, who were nerving themselves, by close study and simplicity of life, for the momentous duties they were afterward to perform. On the side of the court, the rigid asceticism and iron-bound manners of these state-reformers were opposed by a spirit of devoted and extravagant loyalty, as magnificent in its display as the other was humbling and debasing. The severe habits of the popular party, combined with their democratic principles, rendered them the more odious to the dashing, spirited cavaliers, who sought to drown, in the gay and refined amusements of the court, and in the brilliant whirl of pleasure, the remembrance of their staid and gloomy habits. 'The pleasures of the court, at this time,' (says Lord Walpole, in his *Pleasures of Painting*), 'were carried on with gorgeous taste and magnificence.' Ben Jonson was the Laureate; Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations; Lanieri and Ferebosco composed the symphonies. The King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes. Masques, plays, court-balls, were the amusements of every day and night. Day was turned into night, and night into day, in order to give time for their enjoyment.

The wealth and position of our poet enabled him, among the young and dashing cavaliers who kept such high revelry, to take a leading position in the direction of the court-amusements.

He was, at this period, in the language of Winstanley, 'the darling of the court.' At his house at Wilton, entertainments similar to the court-masques were given, in the arrangement of which, his poetical ingenuity and talent for invention were exhausted. One of these magnificent entertainments, given in London by Suckling, is thus noticed by the curious Aubrey, in one of his letters:

'EVERY court-lady was present at this entertainment of Sir JOHN SUCKLING: all who could boast of youth and beauty, were present — his gallantry excluding those not so blessed: yet, so abundant were the fair faces in that day, that the rooms were overflow-

ing; as if nature was resolute in producing objects of adoration, as their admirers were numerous and devoted.

‘These ladies, Suckling entertained with every variety which wealth could collect, and taste prescribe. But the last course displayed his sprightly gallantry: it consisted, not of viands yet more delicate and choice, but of silk-stockings, garters, and gloves; presents, at that time, of no inconsiderable value.’

It was under the inspiration of such scenes, that Suckling wrote some of his sweetest verses in praise of female loveliness, and originated the most exquisite sonnets ever penned.

But with such amusements, unhappily, were combined pursuits of a more odious character. It is too often the fate of genius to unite great vices with high accomplishments; and a passion for gaming early seized upon our poet, against which he often struggled, but which obtained the mastery over him to such an extent, that he would frequently lie in bed the greatest part of the day, with a pack of cards before him, to obtain, by practice, a more perfect knowledge of their management. This was the master-vice of the poet’s earlier years: as he attained to greater maturity, and gave more constant employment to his vigorous intellect, he was enabled to conquer this passion, and soon numbered among his bosom-friends such distinguished statesmen and philosophers as Lord Falkland, Roger Boyle, and Lord Brogill; while Stanley, the learned editor of Æschylus, Davenant, Jonson, Shirley, Hall, and Hobbes, shared the delights of his conversation, and enjoyed his companionship.

An incident is related of Suckling, about this period, by one of his biographers, which, as an illustration of his virtuous inclinations, and the power of his pen in reclaiming a relative from the path of folly, is worth recording here:

Charles Suckling, the youngest son of the poet’s uncle, Charles Suckling of Woodstown, had, for some years, indulged a strange propensity, in paying marked attentions to very young women, whom he deserted as they became marriageable, when he transferred his love to fresh objects, more juvenile, who, in their turn, were discarded. To wean his relative from this weak and dishonorable conduct, he tried, at his uncle’s request, the effect of satire, an engine of formidable calibre in Sir John’s hands. In a letter upon the subject, addressed to his cousin, he ridicules him as ‘the founder of a new sect of fools in the commonwealth of lovers’; compares his conduct to that of the jackanapes in the fable, who let out his partridges one by one, for the pleasure of staring after what was irrevocable; and with admirable point reminds him, that while engaged in such senseless sport, the ‘fugaces anni’ of life were fleeting at a rapid rate. ‘I faith, it is the old story of the jackanapes and the partridges! Thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then lettest out another, and starest after that until it is gone too; never considering that it is here, as in the Thames, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the sides; while thou contemplatest the coming-in tide and flow of beauty, that it ebbs with thee, and that youth goes out at the same time.’ It may be added, that the wit and raillery of Suckling’s remarks were well-directed, as they effectually cured the trifier of his fickleness of heart.

In 1607, Suckling wrote his first poetical production, styled ‘The

Sessions of the Poets,' and his first prose essay, his admirable tract on Socinianism, 'An Account of Religion by Reason'; a discourse which has been characterized as an effort, that for learning, closeness of reason, and elegance of style, may put to shame the writings of men of far greater pretensions. 'The Sessions of the Poets' is remarkable for its good-natured criticisms on some of the literary celebrities of the day. The Poets are assembled, at this session, to prefer their claims before Apollo, for the poetic bays which were to be awarded to the one best entitled:

'THE laurel that had been long reserved,
Was now to be given to him best deserved.'

After the assembling of the Poets, we have an allusion to Jonson, in the fifth verse, as follows:

'THE first that broke silence was good old BEN,
Prepared before with Canary-wine;
And he told them plainly, he deserved the bays,
For his were called works, while others were but plays;
Bid them remember how he had purged the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age;
And he hopes they did not think the 'Silent Woman,'
'The Fox,' and 'The Alchemist,' outdone by no man.'

The decision of the 'god of the Laurel' is given in the two verses next the last, and is intended as a satire upon the selection that was often made of a Laureate, on account of the weight of his coin, and not of his brains:

'At length, who, but an alderman, did appear!
At which, WILL DAVENANT began to swear;
But wiser APOLLO bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,
Openly declared, that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin:
And, without a syllable, more or less, said,
He put the laurel on the alderman's head.'

This poem is said to have created quite as great a sensation in its day, as did 'The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' in Byron's time. Some of the poets considered themselves insulted by the allusions made therein, and our poet exposed himself to a fire of pasquinades and satires that would have overwhelmed a less sensitive mind. In 1638, Suckling published his play of Aglaura. As the play was published with a

'Rivulet of text and a meadow of margin,'

the wits of the day compared it to 'a baby lodged in the great bed of Ware,' or 'to a small picture in a large frame.' This is said to have been the first play acted with regular scenery, such decorations having been previously confined to the masques.

But the rude sounds of civil disturbance soon roused our poet from his literary ease: the golden hours of literary success and felicity soon gave place to the turmoil of 'stern-visaged war.' The Scots were clamoring for liberty of conscience, shackled by the promulgation, with a view to its enforcement, of the national liturgy. Charles, averse to sanguinary measures, parleyed with the rebels; thereby commencing a

course which eventually caused him the loss of his throne and life. The great error he always committed, was in pursuing the dangerous policy of temporizing, opening negotiations, and arguing with the malcontents. It sprang from the native goodness of his heart, and his disinclination to shed the blood of his subjects. Prompt and active measures would have crushed the first effort of the rebels. The time at last arrived, when forbearance would have been criminal; and the King was compelled to draw together an army for the prevention of total disorder in his government. His exchequer was but poorly furnished, and considerable difficulty existed in sustaining a sufficient force in the field. It was at this crisis that Suckling exhibited a noble spirit of patriotism and devotion. He owed much to the royal favor, and his gratitude for past kindnesses exhibited itself in something more than mere words. He stood forward with alacrity to show his countrymen, at such a time, the duties of loyalty, in a manner that has never been surpassed, and rarely paralleled. He presented his majesty with one hundred horsemen, whom he clothed and maintained from his private resources. The uniform adopted for this body of men consisted of a white doublet, with scarlet coat, breeches, and hat; while a feather of the same color, attached to each man's bonnet, completed his attire. With this force, he joined the King on his march to the north. This expedition terminated, owing to the vacillating course of Charles, in a bloodless compromise. And that this would be the result of the expedition, Suckling predicted, in a letter written from the banks of the Trent, in which he says: 'The enemy is not yet much visible; it may be, it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forward as it does plants; but it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all to a dumb-show, and so destroy the handsome opportunity which was now offered, for producing glorious matter to adorn future chronicles.'

The return of Suckling with his splendid troop, without striking a blow, gave rise to much ridicule against him from the popular party. One of the songs made on this occasion was long sung in the ranks of the insurgents, as follows:

'SIR JOHN he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a;
With a hundred horsemen, all his own, he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

'No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravada;
Had you seen but his look, you 'd have sworn on a book,
He 'd have conquered a whole armada!

'The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a;
And, as he passed by, they said with a sigh,
'Sir JOHN, why will you go fight-a?'

'But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart would not relent-a;
For, till he came there, what had he to fear,
Or why should he repent-a?

'None liked him so well as his own colonell,
Who took him for JOHN DE WERT-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

‘To cure his fear, he was sent to the rear,
 Some ten miles back, and more-a;
 When Sir JOHN did play at trip and away,
 And ne’er saw the enemy more-a.’

But these censures on our poet were unmerited; as it was not any want of courage on the part of Sir John and his *troupe* that caused the army to return without striking a blow. It arose from causes beyond his control. The treachery of Lord Holland, who commanded the cavalry, and who ordered the retreat at Dunse, was no fault of Sir John’s. The lampoon of Sir John Menis is therefore remarkable more for its humor than its justice. Had Suckling and his troop disgraced themselves, they would, without doubt, have been rendered amenable to martial law. But we find Suckling retaining his monarch’s favor after this affair, and continuing with the army. A negotiation was concluded with the Scots, when this campaign, which was commenced in expensive preparations, ended in bloodless treaties. After his return, Suckling was chosen to the Parliament of 1640, known as the Long Parliament. While a member of this body, he took quite an active part in its proceedings, and distinguished himself in the debates. He took the side of the royalists, and dealt some very sturdy blows on the heads of the leaders of the popular party. Space will not permit, or we might furnish extracts from some of his speeches on these occasions, remarkable for a high order of eloquence, great concentration, and vigor of thought.

Upon the arraignment and imprisonment of Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, Suckling became involved in a conspiracy, having for its object the release from prison of this unfortunate nobleman. The popular party being then in the ascendancy, Parliament immediately issued orders that farther inquiries should be made into the matter, and summoned Henry Percy, Colonel Goring, Henry Jermyn, and Sir John Suckling to attend, the next day, at three o’clock, to be examined as principals. They all absented themselves, and were charged; consequently, with high treason. Suckling and his friends thereupon fled to France, convinced that the monarch who could not protect Stafford, would be unable to shield his adherents.

The sun of our poet’s prosperity had now gone down in clouds; the popular party in the contest triumphed; his estates were confiscated, and there appeared no hope for him in the future. An exile in a strange land, the ills of poverty pressed hardly upon him, and despair seized upon his soul. His energies at length gave way beneath the load, and in despair, he committed suicide at Paris, by taking poison. This took place in the year 1641; when our poet was in his thirty-fourth year. His remains were buried in a cemetery attached to one of the Protestant churches of Paris.

As a writer, Sir John Suckling will command admiration so long as a taste for whatever is delicate and natural in poetry shall remain. His verse has been pronounced by Philips, ‘as having a pretty touch, savoring, however, more of the grape than the lamp.’ And this delicate criticism is, in the main, correct. His poetical productions bear no mark of labor; they are thrown off with the imagination at a white heat, full of sweetness and harmony. In his sonnets, he is unrivalled; they

possess that exquisite delicacy which, in certain kinds of poetry, is so much admired. In descriptions of feminine grace and beauty he is peculiarly happy; and no succeeding writers, notwithstanding the continued progress of elegant literature since his day, have ever surpassed him. Take, as a specimen of his powers in portraying the charms of woman, his description of the bride, in the *Wedding-Ballad*:

‘THE maid, (and thereby hangs a tale;
For such a maid, no WHETSON ale
Could ever yet produce;)
No grape that’s kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

‘Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way —
No sun, upon an Eastern day,
Is half so fine a sight!

‘Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy bears comparison;
(Who sees them is undone;)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a KATH’RINE pear;
(The side that’s next the sun.)

‘Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly.)’

Or, take his description of Traucelia’s beauty, in his play of ‘*The Sad One*.’ How exquisite is the portrait:

‘SHE has an eye round as a globe,
And black as jet; so full of majesty and life,
That when it most denies, it most invites.
Her lips are gently swelled, like unto
Some blushing cherry, that hath newly tasted
The dews from heaven.’

Or, the description of Donazella, in the same play:

——— ‘A SPRIGHTLY girl, above fifteen,
Eyes full and quick, with breath
Sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries.
Thick silken eyebrows, high upon the forehead,
And cheeks, mingled with pale streaks of red,
Such as the blushing morning never wore.’

Or, Bellamino’s ardent ejaculations upon kissing Traucelia:

‘HEAVENS! what a breath is here!
The wanton air,
Chased by the hot scent of Arabic spices,
Is nothing nigh so sweet! the ambrosia
The gods themselves were drunk with,
Dwells on thy lips.’

Or, those sweet lines in ‘*Aglaura* :’

——— ‘Lips,
Perfumed by breath, sweet as the bean’s first blossom.’

But space would fail us, did we attempt the task of culling from all our poet’s chaste and beautiful descriptions of female loveliness and beauty. It was a subject on which Suckling ever seemed desirous to

dwelt, and which he never attempted without originating something fragrant and sparkling.

His songs are remarkable for their sweetness and delicacy; the structure of the stanzas is simple, and the versification, for the age, remarkably sweet and flowing. It was this species of writing in which our poet often indulged, and in which he excelled. Take, as an instance:

'I PRYTHEE, send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For, if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

'Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou 'st a thief in either eye,
Would steal it back again!'

Or, that song inserted in one of his plays:

'HAST thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crossed it?

'Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping?

There is great delicacy and sweetness in the song commencing:

'WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?'

Or, those lines on Love's representation:

'LEANING her hand upon my breast,
There, on Love's bed, she lay to rest;
My panting heart rocked her asleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep.'

It is seldom we find Suckling attempting the metaphysical style so common with the poets of his time: but he never indulged in it, without great propriety of expression. He falls into this style in his stanza, taken from 'Love's World:'

'THE sea 's my mind, which calm could be,
Were it from winds, my passions, free;
But ah, alas! no sea, I find,
Is troubled like a lover's mind.
Within it, rocks and shallows be,
Despair, and fond credulity.'

We have a specimen of what Suckling himself denominates his 'rollicking style,' in 'His Love and Debt alike Troublesome:'

'THIS one request I make to HIM that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
Then for to dance, to drink, and sing, I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, or ne'er a knave a shilling.'

As a dramatist, Suckling did not excel. His plays are destitute of originality, and are, moreover, deficient in that sweetness of versification, which elsewhere distinguishes his compositions. Whenever, in his dramas, he describes female loveliness, the poet's 'himself again;' and he breaks loose from the trammels that evidently hamper him, into that easy and joyous style for which he is so remarkable, when describing female beauty.

His epistolary productions are remarkable for their vigor of thought and terseness of expression; and, in their animated descriptions, have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. They are models of their kind, and might, with advantage, be imitated in our day.

Suckling's works have gone through many editions, but are rather scarce now. Here and there, a volume may be found in some public library, or in the collection of some lover of the curiosities of English literature, where, 'as fine garments in chests of cedar, the elder authors of our tongue are laid up for immortality.'

Burlington, November 25th.

C L O U D - L A N D A T S U N - S E T .

TOWARD the west the Sun has slanted;
 The clouds, piled up in mighty masses,
 Seem like a citadel enchanted,
 Whose gates are opened as he passes.
 And glorious is that citadel!
 With dome, and spire, and pinnacle,
 And their lofty summits gilded well
 With gold from Heaven's crucible.
 The walls, so broad, and huge, and high,
 Their shadowy vastness upward rearing
 Across the circle of the sky,
 Moving and changing endlessly;
 Now, fainting slowly from the view,
 Till almost blended with the blue;
 Then, as by magic, reappearing,
 And forming into figures new,
 Or taking on the old once more,
 Ten times as beautiful as before!

And o'er the barriers, built of burnished gold,
 Beyond, what changeful splendors we behold!
 Long lanes of light, that open out between
 Great groves of gold, through all the openings seen;
 And white-robed angels, through the gilded town,
 O'er silver-sanded streets sail softly down,
 Shaking the sun-shine from their azure wings,
 As travel-dust; and now a cloud-car brings
 (Enrobed most royally and throned in state)
 The day's great Monarch to the golden gate.
 Widely it opes to meet him; forth there streams
 A crowd of spirits, such as in our dreams
 We see, on clouds adown the distance drifting
 And, all together a great voice uplifting,
 There swells from out the West a songful sea.
 I cannot hear, but *see* the melody;
 I feel a flush of music, and I catch
 A crimson glow of that rich harmony!

The vision fading from me as I watch,
 Its golden glories all in ruins lie,
 And sink to common clouds and sombre sky.

Cambridge, Mass.

EDWARD WILLITT.

S T A R - L I G H T .

A MAIDEN watched two silver stars,
That shone between her window-bars:
One, VENUS bright; one, warlike MARS.

Two twin-born spirits of the air;
And one was radiantly fair,
And sweet as slumber after prayer:

And one was lurid-red, like fire
Of some vast city, lit by dire
And deadly devastating ire.

They spoke two lessons to her heart:
Of beauty, all undecked by art,
And love that never would depart:

A life of joy, serene and still,
Unclouded by a single ill,
Gliding away like moonlit rill:

And, in the future, dim and far,
(So frail and poor we mortals are)
Death glimmered, like the morning-star:

And, farther still, existence bright,
Illumined by immortal light,
Whose morn should never stoop to night.

So, in her inmost soul she said:
'Fair VENUS! guide a simple maid,
Whose vows, henceforth, to thee are paid.'

Up rose the moon, full-orbed and bright,
Encircled with a zone of white,
And paled the stars before her light:

All, save red MARS; and he, alone,
Undimmed before her glory shone,
Blending her brightness with his own.

'Serene, and resolute and still,
The star of the unconquered will,'
Triumphant, both in good and ill:

In, through the lattice-bars, he stole,
And whispered to the watcher's soul:
'Pleasure of life is not the whole:

'Be thine the heart that cheerly goes
To battle with a host of woes,
And triumphs over all its foes.

'Be thine the stern, undaunted breast,
From Fate's unyielding grasp to wrest
The highest honors and the best.

'Reverses never overthrow;
Who conquers by a single blow
Has never dared a noble foe.

'Up, and once more the right maintain!
For life is but a battle-plain,
And Heaven the conquering warrior's gain.'

Sleep sealed the weary maiden's eyes;
Sweet Sleep, who walked, in angel-guise,
Alone, with man, from Paradise.

Yet still, atween the window-bars,
With softened glory glanced the stars;
But aye she dreamed alone of MARS:

And, henceforth, rest was only pain:
Life was, to her, a battle-plain,
And heaven the conquering warrior's gain.

J. L. B.

December 29, 1853.

T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF

BY FREDERICK L. VOLTE.

SPOTTING A GENTLEMAN

'SAY, Mr. Sheriff,' inquired 'OLD THUSON' of me, 'be you good at figgers?'

'Good at figures?' I asked, responsively; 'what do you mean by that question?' and I looked at the old man with astonishment.

He seemed lost at the apparent harshness observable in my manner of addressing him; and apprehensive that I was offended, he asked my forgiveness, and declared 'he did n't mean no offence.'

'Oh! as for that, 'TISE,' I replied, 'I am satisfied you meant nothing wrong. But why do you ask if I am good at figures?'

'Because,' and he primped up his mouth, and swelled out his cheeks, looking, for all the world, like an antiquated Cupid, (as he is,) and with a cunning and gay twinkle of his eyes, drawing his hands from out of his side-pockets, and covering one with the other, so as to make a hollow of them, he raised them up, gently at first, and then quickly, gayly swaying them to and fro before my eyes and ears; a jingling, chinking sound was heard, 'Because if you be, how much is twice five?'

'Twice five is ten.'

'Dat's it, and dere dey be;' and he ceased the movement of his hands at the instant he showed me two half-eagles, which he held between the fore-finger and thumb of each hand. 'They are a pair of spectacles, ain't they, Mr. Sheriff?' and he continued holding them as

before; 'and I airned them with a pair of spectacles; and gold ones they be, and gold ones they was. Yes! yes! twice five *is* ten,' said he, chuckling; 'and half-eagles do n't roost on every tree, if whole ones does fly above my head. Y' ain't 'fended, be you?'

'HEAVEN bless you, TISE, no! But how about this affair? I can't comprehend you; what means this about the half-eagles and spectacles?'

'Well, you see, Mr. Sheriff,' replied he, 'I was a-goin' down town yesterday, and got as far as Wall-street by old Trinity, when I see Mr. Wilton, the lawyer; and he bowed very purlitely to me; and he come up to me and says:

'Good morning, Mr. THISON.'

'And I says:

'Pooty well, I thank you.'

'And then he says again:

'Mr. THISON, I'm werry glad to see you: I want you to serve a paper for me on a man who lives not far from here, but who I've been trying to serve for the last year; all of my clerks, from the errand-boy to the confidential man, have tried it; even I myself have tried it; I have also employed men and boys, who are familiar with that business; have lodged it in the sheriff's office; and I believe the paper has been in the hands of every one engaged in the office. I have also given it to a score or more of constables; all, all of them have failed to serve it; and I almost now, in looking at it, scarcely recognize it as a thing of the present age, it looks so greasy and dirty. Have you a mind to try it?'

'Try it,' said I; and I looked at him in wonder; 'try it? I never failed in nothing I go at right earnestly. Try it?—guess I will. Who is the party, Mr. WILTON?' said I.

'The plaintiff is a woman.'

'A woman! and you know, Mr. Sheriff, how willin' I am to *serve* the women.'

'Yes! but, TISE, Mr. WILTON did n't want you to *serve* a woman.'

'Now, why will you bother me, Mr. Sheriff? Why won't you let me tell my story without stopping me?'

'Well, well, go on! I only interrupted you when I supposed you were off the track.'

'I was n't off de track; I was going on at a good rate. Let me see; let me see; where was I?—yes, I was always willing to oblige the women.'

'Well, Mr. Wilton says to me, says he:

'Do you think, Mr. THISON, you can serve the man? The suit grows up this way: Kitty Doolittle, my client, was house-keeper for Mr. Greenhope, an old gentleman, a retired grocer and widower, who, becoming old, was subject to rheumatics, or gout, or some other similar ailment; and Kitty was in his service for two or three years at small wages; and all went on very nicely when, one day, the cook, an Irish girl, told Kitty, my client, to go! that she did n't want her any more about the house; that she had married Mr. Greenhope, and had become, by the law of the land, the mistress of the house herself; that

Mr. Greenhope told Kitty it was as the cook said ; he had married her , and begged Kitty to come again , and he would settle with her . Well , Kitty left the house at once ; and , after a few days , went to see Mr. Greenhope to get a settlement with him , but she was denied admittance . She went again , and again , and always was refused admission into the house ; and she never could see the old gentleman ; his wife would not permit her to come in and see him . At length , after repeated efforts to see him , she came to me , and told me of her affairs . I wrote to him , and no answer was sent to me . I finally determined to sue him ; and you know of the difficulties I am laboring under to procure a service of the process upon him . His wife , who is fearful of an influence detrimental to her interests , which might be exercised in the making of his last will and testament , prevents the admission of any one into the house , and keeps the old man a prisoner , in fact . There , you have the whole story ; and my client , Kitty , although I might commence proceedings against him under attachment as a ' concealed debtor , ' will not allow me to do so , as she says it would give too much publicity to the matter ; and beside , it would be exposing the old gentleman to too much pain , in case he should see his name in print as a concealed debtor . And yet again , Kitty knows that the moment Mr. Greenhope is made aware of the claim , he will pay her to the last fraction . But the difficulty , Mr. THISON , is to see him ; and yet I believe , although so many have tried it , if any one can accomplish a service , you are the gentleman .

' Well , I could n't help , Mr. Sheriff , when he said I was the gentleman , taking my hat off ; and I gin him the lowest bow I could make .

' Well , what do you say , Mr. THISON , ' said he ; ' will you try it ? '

' Try it ? to be sure I will , ' said I .

' He do n't live far from here ; only around the corner ; and if you succeed in serving him , I will give you ten dollars . '

' Ten dollars ! ' said I .

' Massy me ! that ' s a round sum for a small job like that , I thought . But you did n't catch me expressing my thoughts to him , less he might haul in , and offer me less .

' Yes ! ten dollars . You ' ve got to be cautious and cunning , ' said he , ' and look out that Mrs. Greenhope do n't come the chain on you . Let me hear from you , THISON , to-day or to-morrow . Good-bye . '

' And he left me . ' Come de chain on me ! ' what did he mean , said I ; and I was dumb-founded ; I was in a fog ; and I could n't tell what he did mean ; but I found out afterward , when I tried the service ; and I ' ll tell you , bime by , about de chain .

' See , Mr. Sheriff , I never failed to serve a paper in my life but once , and I ' ll tell you of that another time . But I ' ll tell you once I had a ' declaration ' agin ' a man by the name of Burrows , who bothered me a good deal ; he shyed me every where and every place ; he had his dodgers always ' bout him ; and I never seed him without he rid a horse , a black horse . When I went to the door of his house to see him , I ' m blamed if he did n't go through to the stable in de rear of his house , and git on , and ride pass me in de front of his place , so I could see him . And when I went de next day , thinking dat I would git him sure at the

stable, blamed if he did n't come right past me on dat old black horse ag'in; he got on at the front of the house this time; he was too wide awake for me; I tried this a good many times; fust at de front door, at de basement, at de stable, in de rear, and at every p'int I thought I could make something at. But I was deceived; he was always burrowing jist like a rabbit, out of one hole into another. I could n't catch him; I seed him, though, a good many times on that black horse of his'n; he knowed me jist as well as I knowed him; and sometimes I thought it was werry aggerwatin' in him; he used to stop wid his horse by de corner of de streets, (I think he must a knowed I was about;) and den, when I kim up, thinking I had it all right, and was jist a going to——blamed if he did n't pull off his hat, and 'wish me a werry good mornin';' and off went de old black horse at a good trot.'

'Well, I stood at dat corner, and I began for to think; and I said to myself, 'Tise! old gentleman, this won't do; dat air feller must be come up to, if he does ride a horse. Now what shall I do? what shall I do? I can't keep pace wid this nag; and biess me, if I think I can wid his rider; 't won't do to be nonplushed this way.' And I was thinking some time, and wondering what I should do next; and I locked up, and den I seen him ag'in, still on dat black nag; he passed me, and he said 'he wished me a werry pleasant time of it.' I could n't help it, but I cussed some, I tell you; and I shuck my finger at him; and I hollered out to him that I'd git him yet afore de Devil would, and he must make a note of that.

'Now you see, Mr. Sheriff, that last part was the aggerwatinist of all, to wish me a werry pleasant time; and I wowed then, as my dander was riz, ef I could get him by any means, I would; my feelin's was hurt; and I thought if he burrowed, I would burrow too. Well, I was determined, after that, to catch him; and I went to work airnestly; I went to his house, to his stable, at day-break, at sun-set. He had gone out; he had gone in; I was never in time; I was before him; I was after him; he was in his castle, and I was denied admittance, as all of his servants, waiters, and all, knowed me.

'Bimeby, a thought struck me; if it could only be, thought I.'

'What was it, Tise?' By this time, beccoming fairly interested, I could not resist the inclination to check the old man in his very particular and close narration of every incident, and yet I wanted him to close it up speedily, so garrulous had he become. 'What was it, Tise?'

'Well, I begin to think,' continued he, 'after going a good many times 'bout de house where de man lived, dat if I could on'y catch a boy, or a man, or a woman, or any body, who went for to carry something reg'lar to the house, I might succeed. I seed a butcher-boy, a good many times, go to de door in de basement; and I tried to get him once to let me carry in the meat and marketing, so as to git in the house; but he talked shy at me, and put his thumb and fingers to his nose; and as he moved them backards and forards, he said:

'Gammon ain't what *we* deals in; nothin' but de best of beef comes from *our* stall.'

'And he shyed at me ag'in. Well, I went ag'in at night; and after staying 'bout an hour or so, I seed a woman, a great big tall woman,

going up de stoop with a big clothes-basket. 'Hallo!' said I to myself, 'here's my chance.' And I waited for her to come out; and when she did come, I follered her a little way; and when I got out of the way of bein' seen, I walked up to her, and asked her if she did washing. She said yes. And I got from her the name and number of de street where she lived, and told her I might call on her one of dese days. And den I asked her if she washed for de gentleman in de house where she come out of; and she told me she did; dat she was in a great hurry, and could n't stay talking with me just then; she had some other places to call at; and that she would have to stop ag'in when she came back at the gentleman's for the dirty clothes; and she said 'good bye' to me, and left me.

'After she had left me, Mr. Sheriff, I knowed I had to work sharp and quick, if I intended to carry out my plan, bekase the washer-woman would be back afore long; so that, without waitin' a minute, I run into a second-hand clothing-shop, in an avenue clus by, and I bought a woman's hat; and then I run to a grocery-store and got a big basket; and I put some things in the basket and kivered it up with a red handkercher; and I put on the bonnet, and with my old black cloak on, I think I made somewhat of a figger; and I was then all ready to commence operations.

'So I hobbled up the stoop; and I ringed the bell; and I stooped a little, so as not to appear too big for the washer-woman, though she was a large woman; and I cursheyed to the gal who opened the door and let me in; and widout my sayin' a word nor nothin', she told me to git along up stairs as quick as I could; she did n't know me from de woman; an' I went up stairs; and I did n't know what to do; and I was wonderin' what I should do; and when I got to the landing above, and was thinkin' what next, I'm blamed if my customer hisself did n't come out of a room; and seein' me, he called me Nancy; and he begin for to complain about his linen bein' not so well done: and then I ris up strut, bekase my work was near done; and dropped my basket; and I pulled out my paper and shook myself, and then I handed it to him. But bless you, Mr. Sheriff, you oughter seen him then. I thought he'd eat me up, he was so put out; and he said sumthin' about an old man who ought to be ashamed of hisself, going round dressin' hisself up as a female, imposin' on people. But I was so happy I did n't say nothin' to him, on'y dat de dignity of de office mus' be kep' up, and we could n't afford to let sich rabbits as he was, burrow as much he pleases, out-wit old foxes; and den I left him, wishin' him, as he did me once, 'a werry pleasant time.'

'Now don't you think, Mr. Sheriff, that was werry good for me? was n't it well done?'

'Very good, TISE! Better than good,' said I. 'It was superlative; nothing could be better. But how did you feel when you were going up stairs without any plan or excuse in your head? should you be discovered, and your disguise penetrated, what would you have done then, ch? Come, tell me, TISE!'

'Public justice! hem!! I don't know nothing better nor public justice.' And the old man kept repeating public justice, rabbits, foxes,

burrowings, cunning, dignity, washer-woman, bonnet, foxes, baskets, giggling and laughing the while, and between the exclamations smoothing, and rubbing, and playing, and feeling his cheeks and mouth, evidently coaxing himself into the luxury of fancying himself the chief of spot-terers, the best at the game of burrowing.

'Now, TISE, as you've got through this little interruption of the incident of the half-eagles and spectacles, let me hear about the service of the paper you had against old Mr. Greenhope; and let it be very short, for I want you to accompany me on an expedition of a very difficult character, which is now in process of preparation by the attorney, in which all your natural and acquired faculties of archness and perception will be called into requisition. You will be ready to go with me, won't you?'

'Go! bless you, yes! any time, and all times; you know, Mr. Sheriff, I never refuse you. But what is this business? what is de writ?'

'*Ne execat!*' I replied, solemnly.

'No execut!' echoed he, sententiously and gloomily.

'Now about the spectacles, TISE.'

'Yes, 'bout de spectacles. Well, Mr. Sheriff, I took de writ from Mr. Wilton; and I on'y had a little way to go, jist behind de big stores on de corner of Broadway and Rector-street; and I went along, and I come up to de house where Mr. Greenhope lived; and I got on de stoop; and I heerd de blinds in de windows of the second-story of his house go flipper-flopper, as if some body was looking out to see who it was as had come on de stoop; and I looked up, and it was an old man; he was looking troo de blinds at me, right above my head; and I spect he got partiekler anxious; and all at onst I feel something strike my hat and bounce off, and den it fell on de pavement; and I picked it up, and it was a pair of goold spectacles; and den I felt good; and I run up on de stoop ag'in; and I pulled de bell good and strong, for den I knowed I had it all right, and that the old man was mine.'

'That was a capital hit, TISE.'

'Well, it was, Mr. Sheriff; that is, it was a hit on my *caput*, as de lawyers say, and that means a capital hit.' And the old fellow screamed out a ha! ha! ha! at his capital hit.

'Well, den, de door was opened on'y a little, 'bout six inches, or so; and I heerd a clankin' of chains; and I'm blessed if dere was n't a chain fastened on de inside of de door-post and de inside of de door; and den I knowed about de chain-game; and de door could n't be opened any fuder; and a woman stuck her face troo de openin'; and she looked awful savage at me; and she wanted to know my business; and then I put on the innocentest look I could, and told her I was passing by de house, and de old gentleman up stairs dropt his spectacles out of de window, and dat it was fortunate I was so near to pick them up; and if she would on'y allow me to hand de specs to de old gentleman himself, I would be so happy.'

'You old ——,' interrupted I, at which he started; and I hesitated. No! I could not apply any opprobrious or censorious epithet to my old assistant; and I lapsed down into a complimentary allusion to his po-

liteness. 'You are the soul and body of politeness. Of course the lady let you in at once?'

'Not zactly right away; she looked at me pooty tight, and werry partickler; and den she asked me to gin her the specs, and she would take them to Mr. Greenhope.'

'But you didn't do it?'

'No! no! she might keep me and other folks out by the chain, but I knowed that I had that in me that would loosen de chain. Why, you know, Mr. Sheriff, I allers look like an innocent child; no body would think any wrong of me; and then I asked her ag'in if she would allow me de pleasure of presenting the specs to Mr. Greenhope hisself.

'Well, she opened de door at last, with a good deal of reluctance, and down come de chain, and in I went; and when I got in, I seed de ole gentleman standin' on de first landiu' of de stairs, on de fust flight; and I went up and told him it was werry lucky dat I happened to pick dem up; and I give him the spectacles, and he thanked me a good deal; and then I took the paper out of my pocket and handed it to him; and I told him ag'in that it was werry lucky I found his specs, as he could n't see to read de paper widout 'em, 'ouless,' and I said onless werry loud; 'this here lady,' and his wife, the woman of the chain-game, come up then, 'could read it for him.'

'What did she say to that hit you gave her, TISE?' said I.

'Oh! nothin' out of de way werry hash; she said I was an old sinner, and de like; and she did n't suspect my innercent looks, and so on; yet she looked more'n she said.'

'That was a lucky incident, TISE, of your finding the spectacles; it procured your admission into the house,' said I to him.

'Yes! yes!! it was lucky,' replied he, drawlingly; 'but dat did n't do it.'

'Well, what was it, then?' I asked.

'My purliteness,' said he, gravely, and making a very graceful bow, with his hand placed across his breast. 'Yes! yes! my purliteness done de business;' and he smirked archly. 'She could n't resist me; I knew I was captiwatin' then, werry captiwatin'.'

'Yes, TISE,' said I, 'I know you were on a captivating expedition just then.'

And then old TISE rumbled out a vigorous ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! hi! hi! hi! and ending with a slight reference that, in that respect, I was frequently in the same boat with him.

'And dat's de way 'bout the spectacles and the half-eagles; but gracious me, Mr. Sheriff, was n't dat a lucky hit?'

'Yes, it was; and I suppose Mr. Wilton thought it was very surprising, did n't he?'

'To be sure he did; and more'n 'at, he told me it was n't more'n three or four hours after he give the paper to me, his client had got all her money; and I got two half-eagles for that job, and plenty compliments, too.'

'And you deserved all you got, my old friend; and I am always rejoiced to see and hear that aptness, such as yours, is well rewarded. But now, TISE, as I have my own business to attend to, and that which, at

present, engrosses all my thoughts, let us forget, for the time, your achievements, and proceed on our voyage of observation with my writ of '*ne exeat*;' and mayhap you may figure more extensively than ever. But if you fail to observe my directions to the letter in this matter, doubtless the whole thing will end in a manner not very agreeable to me, I assure you.' And for the purpose of re-assuring the old man, I said, 'I expected nothing but a favorable turn, so far as such things could be termed favorable; 'What's my meat is another's poison;' and recounted to him that I had a writ of '*ne exeat republica*' against John Stopford, who, it was intimated, had received from Government an appointment of Consul for one of the Carribbean islands, and who was then busily engaged in preparing for his departure; but that the writ, if it struck him, would prevent that 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' an entire exemption or freedom from arrest, by being beyond the reach of his creditors.

'Stopford,' said THISON, meditating; 'pears to me I heerd of him afore. Stopford — who is he, Mr. Sheriff? ain't he one of the twin-brothers? I think I got it.'

'Yes, my old friend, he is one of the twin-brothers, and therein consists the difficulty; you know they resemble each other so closely that one is not distinguishable from the other: their dress, their actions, their manners, speech, in fact, their *toute ensemble* — and I am at a loss how to proceed; I might, and I might not arrest John; and then in case I arrested the wrong one, how can I be assured that I have not got the right one, the veritable John? Full of difficulties, can't you perceive?'

'Oh yes, I perceive: I kin see as clear as though my eyes was fifty year younger than they am: I can manage dat part of it, on'y you leave it to me. But dere's something 'bout it I can't see so very clear. 'Spose, Mr. Sheriff, you find dem both together when you go after John? den I'm blamed if we ain't gone, for you won't know John from William, nor the t'other from John; an' if you should ask for John, nary one of 'em would answer, bekase they both would know, if you asked for either, dat John was wanted. Now we must work together, and this is my plan: I'll scoot roun' and play shy, keeping, of course, my eyes wide open to see if I kin find them; I won't say nothing, nor do nothing, but keep a good look-out. I know where they drop in; and if I should find any one of 'em alone, you must be at some partickler place clus by, where I kin find you easy, so as to git him nice and sure. How do you like it? — ain't it a good plan?'

I assented at once to the plan of operations laid out by so experienced a hand; and I bade him, without delay, proceed to carry his plan into effect, giving him notice at what place I would be found; and at the same time I enjoined him to a strict performance, on his part, of the detail of attack and final capture.

We parted; and scarce an hour had passed — the time passing wearily and heavily with me, for I must admit my mind was so intent in this affair, lest my assistant should fail, that time and circumstances wore on most heavily, lazily, languidly: I was, nevertheless, watching eagerly for a signal from THISON, and busily observing the hand of old Time on the dial of the clock of St. Paul's as he moved on steadily, surely,

slowly, and as it would only appear to move to one watching for the end ; yet the end did come, and with it OLD TISE, (not old Time,) who appeared all a-glow with success on his brow, written with as sure a hand as Nature could impress ; and the old man said, in a slow, solemn manner :

‘Come ! come ! — all right ! — come !’

I accompanied him ; and as we went, TISE informed me of what had transpired since I last parted with him.

‘I started,’ said he, ‘fust to a drinkin’-shop, where the brothers is generally ’bout from ’leven to twelve o’clock ; but they was n’t there ; then I went to the corner of Wall and Nassau-street, and shyed about, thinkin’ I might meet ’em there ; then ag’in I went — run — down to the Exchange ; and they was n’t there, nuther ; and then I felt as though I would n’t see ’em at all ; and I felt ugly, bekase I thought I should n’t see ’em at all ; and then thinkin’ ’bout the confectioner’s shop in Broadway, just below Cedar-street, where so many gentlemen go to get their ’leven o’clocker, may be dey might be there ; I posted dat way ; and afore I got there, bless you, Mr. Sheriff, I seed ’em comin’.’

‘Both of them ?’ said I, interrupting him.

‘Yes, Mr. Sheriff, both ; and den says I to myself, dat ’s onlucky ; but howsomever, I said nothing, and let ’em pass ; and den, ag’in, I did n’t know nothin’ ; and I follered ’em, but I was n’t clus by, on’y I was there ; and dey went fust to one place and den to another place ; and I kep my eyes on ’em all de time ; and one of ’em left ; and I den begin for to feel good ; and den I wanted to see you, Mr. Sheriff, for I did n’t know which one to go after ; but says I to myself, I can’t foller both, and ary one of ’em will do ; so I kep on de track of one ; and I went after him ; and I follered on ; and he stopped ; and den he went on ag’in ; and den he stopped once more ; and he talked a little while with some one he met ; and he pushed on ; and bimeby he went in a house where there is lots of offices ; and I follered him werry near then, but he did n’t know nothin’ ’bout it ; and he went in the back office on de fust floor, and I guess he’s in there now.’

By this time, we had reached the place where I had hoped TISE had caged the bird ; and so thinking, we opened the door, and, true enough, one of the twins was there, but which one, and whether he was the one I wanted, I could not tell. But TISE, on whom I relied in this vexatious emergency, solved the problem at once by going up to him, and announcing, in his peculiar manner, that ‘he had a writ for his arrest.’

‘My arrest ! arrest me ! what for ?’ said he, in amazement. ‘You must be mistaken, Sir !’

‘Ain’t mistaken, Sir,’ replied THISON. ‘Your name is William Stopford ; and I guess I got a writ ag’in you — ain’t mistaken, Sir.’

‘But you are mistaken, Sir. You say you have a writ against William Stopford ?’

‘Yes, Sir !’ and he mumbled out ‘sir,’ that I thought I never should hear the end of it. ‘Yes, Sir ! ag’in William Stopford.’

‘Well, then, my ancient Theban,’ replied Stopford, with a great deal of assurance, ‘If you have got a writ against William Stopford, all I

have to say is, that I am not he ; and you will have to go a little farther to find him, for I am not William Stopford ; so you see you *are* mistaken.'

'Well, I might be, but I guess I ain't,' retorted TISE ; 'let's see : ' and he drew the writ from his pocket, quietly put on his spectacles, looked at the writ with all the seriousness usual in his composition when about a work of this character ; looked at me, and then at Stopford ; and then he seemed pleased, and gayly observed to Stopford 'that 't was n't often he was mistaken, but he was in this case.' And then addressing me, he said :

'Mr. Sheriff, I'm blamed if I ain't mistaken. I thought all the time I had a writ ag'in William Stopford ; but it's John I want, and not William. Why, how in nature could I be so mistaken ? Yes, yes ; I want John, and not William. Bless my soul ! bless my soul ! I believe I'm gittin' old !'

'Let me see your writ !' cried Stopford, in horror ; 'let me see it ! perhaps' — and there was a very weak hope in that 'perhaps' — 'you may be mistaken again.'

'I can't be mistaken twice,' replied THISON, 'where there be on'y two people consarned ; once is enough ; but it's excusable in me now ; I'm gittin' old.' And he handed the writ to him.

Stopford looked at it : read it ; re-read ; examined it thoroughly ; and then, being satisfied that it was all right in fact, but wrong to him, intimated to THISON 'that he would at once furnish the required security as soon as his brother, whom he momentarily expected, came in.'

At this announcement, I feared that all the difficulties I had conjured up in my mind, and which, of necessity, by the brothers being brought together, must exist, so closely did they resemble, 'the one so like the other as could not be distinguished but by names,' that I should most likely then meet with my greatest extreme in keeping them distinguished ; and in this great extremity I called upon my assistant to advise me.

'Never you mind, Mr. Sheriff,' said he, with the off-hand manner usual to him when perplexities, doubts, and troubles, had all been mastered by him ; 'leave that to me ; I'm all right ; I'll keep posted ; now I tell you, never you mind : I've got him right, and I'll have him righter bimeby.'

'But, TISE,' observed I, 'you know they are dressed alike in every particular, even their white pants, shoes, and coat, and hat ; ay, the hat with the crape-band on each. TISE' — and I spoke to him with some alarm ; 'should they desire, when the other brother comes, to retire in a room to confer together privately, when they come out again, you cannot tell which is your prisoner. Have you thought of that, and of the uncertainty of finding your man ?'

'Yes, I have ; but I'll fix it ; you kin'pend on me,' he answered ; and I was somewhat relieved when the old man announced to me, in so determined a manner, that he would 'fix it,' and I might 'depend on him.'

Stopford — John, I mean — came toward me, and observed 'that his brother was expected every minute, and he hoped that I would extend a

little courtesy to him by waiting ; and he doubted not that the business would be arranged speedily and satisfactorily to me in the way of sureties. But, Sheriff, your old friend here, Mr. THISON, does n't make such mistakes as in my case frequently, does he ? — and I thought there was a bitter sneer in his manner.

'Mr. Stopford,' I replied, 'such mistakes are sometimes very necessary, as in this matter, for example : but, coming directly to your question, he does very frequently make such mistakes, and takes, too, under them : he very rarely misses his man and his object ; he has a keen perception, also, as you have already witnessed.'

At this point of our conversation, the other brother, William, came in, and, seeing THISON and myself, concluded there was 'something out,' and addressed John with the question :

'Who is the plaintiff, and what amount of bail is required ?'

'Will you allow me, Mr. Sheriff,' said John to me, 'to have a few minutes' private conversation with my brother ? We will retire in this room adjoining for a few minutes.'

The question thus frankly put, was about being answered in the negative by me, as that was a state of things I desired most to avoid, because of my inability to distinguish my prisoner : and I was about answering it in as delicate a denial as I could give, when I observed THISON making all sorts of motions with his head and hands ; and he, fearing, doubtless, that I was going to grant the request, interposed his objections until the bail-bond was signed ; and he begged me, in a whisper, to make out the bond, and he would let me 'know, bimeby, the reason why he insisted on this being executed at once.'

At THISON's suggestion, though I could not tell what was passing in the old man's mind, I sat down, and prepared the bond ; that concluded, I intimated to my prisoner, that all was ready, and he had better sign at once, particularly, as it was a darling object of my assistant, and I rarely crossed him in any thing.

'Yes, Sir !' said he, seating himself alongside of the table at which I sat ; and I handed to him my pen, and he wrote his name, in a bold, dashing hand.

'Perhaps,' he continued, 'my ancient Theban, here, would like to witness the bond. How is it, would you ?'

'I'm goin' to do dat,' said THISON ; 'and he moved toward me, and I vacated my chair, and gave it to him.

'Thank 'ee, Mr. Sheriff ; much obliged. I'm gittin' old. Oh ! oh ! that rheumatiz, how it bothers me !' and TISE took the pen, and dipped it in the ink-stand, and he tried to write his name : he could n't ; something was the matter with the pen ; no, it was the ink ; it was too thick. He tried it again ; a hair had 'got on de pint.' He picked it off : he guessed it was right now, and he dipped it in the ink again ; he could n't write with sich a pen — and he dipped it in the ink again ; and then he tried to write again ; and then he thought he had too much ink in his pen ; and he held the bond pressed with the left hand, as it lay on the table, and seemed intensely interested in reading its contents, and the pen still in his right hand. He tried again, and he

found he had his pen too highly charged, so giving it a double motion downwards, and a repeater, and still another——

‘Why, why! what the devil are you about?’ cried John Stopford; ‘what do you mean, eh? what the devil are you about?’

Tise, thus interrupted in so abrupt a manner, affected entire innocence of what was charged upon him.

‘You blasted old heathen! look at my white pantaloons! See what you have done! You have shaken all the ink out of your pen on my pantaloons! What do you mean, eh? You blasted old heathen!’

‘Did n’t mean to do it. I ask your pardon, Sir. You see, Sir, I wasn’t thinking of any thing but the bond; and I hope you’ll excuse me!’

And I looked, and beheld the blackness of darkness on the white trowsers; and great was the area of the dark spot the old gentleman had cast on John Stopford’s pantaloons.

‘Sheriff,’ observed Stopford, ‘I will procure bail immediately. I do n’t like this black business. I have sent my brother, and he will be here with good and sufficient bail in a few minutes. I am exceedingly anxious to get rid of the company of that old friend of yours as soon as I can: blast him! — ink-spot!’

THISON, although I could scarcely keep my gravity — I was satisfied, had done this thing intentionally — put on the best face he possibly could, and took the denunciations of Stopford very coolly; and, coming up to me, he whispered: ‘Did n’t I tell you, Mr. Sheriff, I’d make him righter bimeby? and I *spotted* him fust-rate. Now, let de twins git mixed up, so dat an old man can’t tell ’em apart! ‘Old Teban! old Heathen!’ eh? I’ll let him know he ain’t going to come any of his games of hit and miss with me. No! no! no! he’s spotted for all day, any how; and dat’s what I call spottin’ a gentleman! He! he! he!’ and he smothered his laugh, lest Stopford should hear him.

The sureties soon after appeared; and, having executed the bond, I took my departure with ‘OLD TISE,’ and we left the twins to the enjoyment of that sort of feeling consequent upon an attempt to foil an officer of the law, ‘by getting themselves mixed up,’ as Tise said; and to the contemplation of his system of spotting a gentleman.

MY SWEET LITTLE HINNIE.

‘My sweet little hinnie,
My bonnie wee doo,
What sets me a dreamin’
An’ thinkin’ o’ you?’

‘The sly pawkie archer
Has wounded my heart,
And nane but you, MARY,
Can pluck out the dart.’

‘Gif that be sae, JOHNIE,
I’ll pluck out the dart;
An’ I’ll gie up mysel’
To heal up your heart.

‘I’ll be your leal wifie,
E’en sud I repent;
So aff to my minnie
An’ get her consent.’

‘I’ll off, my wee dauntie;
Ae kiss ere I gang;
The lift it is starry;
The road is na lang.

‘I’ll soon be back, lassie;
Love’s wings quickly flee;
Then, then I shall never
Part, MARY, frae thee!

JAMES LINEN

LAYS OF QUAKERDOM.

VISIT OF MARY FISHER TO THE SULTAN MOHAMMED IV

AT ADRIANOPIE, 1858.

I

It was Summer. Vapors golden
 Crowning all the regal hills,
 Hung like snowy veils of vestals
 Swaying o'er the singing rills,
 And along the Orient glowing
 Drew their rosy curtaining
 Backward from the sun, advancing
 To his Empire like a King.
 On the hill-side lay the cattle
 Stretching in the golden glow,
 As it passed to wake the sleepers
 In the quiet vale below.
 Measured as the march of armies,
 Filed the shadows o'er the grain
 Bent beneath the spectral columns;
 Trooping in an endless train.
 Stately stood the trees, displaying
 Pearls upon their leafy stems;
 At the zephyrs' soft imploding,
 Flinging down their diadems
 To the humble grass beneath them
 In an ample wealth of gems.
 All the air was filled with fragrance,
 Breathing through the voice of song;
 Forth from hill, and stream, and woodland
 Rolled the morning hymn along.

II.

In the country, calm and holy,
 When the Summer-days were come,
 With his household sat the Quaker
 In their old paternal home;
 Where the earth his fathers nourished
 Long upon her bounteous breast,
 When their simple lives were ended
 Held them in unbroken rest;
 Where primeval trees the homestead
 In their vast embraces fold;
 And within their solid fibres
 Annals of the ages hold;
 Ever to the life around them
 By the leafy minstrels told.
 Bending now, in stately gossip,
 With the wandering Summer-breeze:

Now in nobler strains relating
 Stories of the centuries;
 Now, like orators, declaiming,
 Swaying into awful form;
 Toss their arms and lift their voices
 O'er the tumult of the storm;
 All the day their lore repeating
 In the heedless ear of strife;
 All the night the calm stars listen
 To their minstrelsy of life.

III.

To the lindens o'er the threshold,
 On a glorious Summer-day,
 Came the merry children bounding
 Fresh and blooming from their play;
 Grouping round to hear their father
 Tell another Quaker Lay;
 Tell them how brave MARY FISHER
 To the Sultan bore her word;
 How the noble Turk received her
 And her *Message from the Lord*.
 Low-voiced, from subdued emotion,
 Ballad-like, the tale began;
 Sweetly in the Summer stillness
 Thus the simple story ran:

IV.

The Sultan MAHMOUD lay encamped
 Within his guarded hold;
 Full fifty thousand men of war
 Were with their leader bold.
 Full fifty thousands cimeters
 Flashed in the waning light,
 And the brave Moslem¹ only mourned
 Their weapons were so bright.
 Flung out above the royal camp
 MOHAMMED's flag revealed
 The shining crescent's silver rim
 Within its sacred field.
 Stretched in the opening of his tent
 The mighty Chief reclined;
 High purposes and vast designs
 Revolving in his mind.
 The shadow of the lofty thought
 Fell slowly o'er his face,
 And softened, in its noble lines,
 The fierceness of his race.

¹ THE sacred flag of MOHAMMED is only displayed when the Sultan takes the field, or in cases of great national emergency.

On costly tapestries of the East
 His royal person laid;
 And gleamed amid the Tyrian dyes
 His keen Damascus blade.
 The ample turban round his brow
 Leaned on his swarthy hand;
 While his unconscious fingers plucked
 The jewels from the band.
 His eye was resting on the flag
 As in its shade he lay,
 Pondering on *Islam's* vast renown
 And wide-extended sway.

v.

For then the Crescent's shining arch
 Flamed in the tropic sun,
 And flashed where, up far Arctic nights,
 The northern streamers run.
 From distant Asia's peopled plains
 And mountain-steppes, afar,
 Vast hordes of fierce believers came
 To *Islam's* holy war.²
 And the Great Vizier KIRPULI
 Was marching to his liege,
 Triumphant with the trophies won
 At Candia's bloody siege.³
 The armies of the Faithful held
 Their undisputed way,
 And the mute nations paled before
 The Moslem's dread array.⁴

vi

The Sultan dreamed of boundless power,
 To wield his conquering sword,
 And make the unbelievers own
The Prophet of the Lord;
 To fling the banner of his Faith
 O'er *Islam's* ancient reign,
 Above the valleys of Castile,
 The mountain-heights of Spain.
 In the great Temple of the Cross⁵
 Marshal his Moslem force,
 And make its sacred fane at Rome⁶
 A stable for his horse!⁷
 The symbol of his perfect power,
 On *Islam's* flag unfurled,

Behold the crescent, round, and rise,
 Full-orbed, upon the world!

vii.

As thus he lay, an Aga⁸ came,
 With many a low salam:
 'What wouldst thou now?' the Sultan
 said,
 In accent deep and calm;
⁹Shadow of GOD: without the camp
 A Christian waits, abhorred,
 Who bringeth from her English home
 '*A Message from the Lord.*'
 They drove her thrice beyond the lines;
 Boldly again she came,
 Demanding audience calm and high,
 In ALLAH's holy name.
 'A woman, saidst thou?' MAHMOUD rose,
 Still leaning on his hand:
 'A woman, seeking *Islam's* shrine
 From her own Christian land?'

'Most mighty Sultan, one who would
 Your royal harem grace:
 Rich in the sweetness of her sex,
 The beauty of her race;
 But not to Mecca's holy shrine
 Her pilgrim foot-steps came:
 To preach the glory of the Cross
 In her own PROPHET's name;
¹⁰Not at the evening *Namas* bowed
 Her unbelieving head.'

'And came she to the camp alone?'

'Alone!' the Aga said.
 Thus saith the infidel: 'Arrived
¹¹At Smyrna by the sea;
 Captive they sent her from the strand;
 At Venice set her free.
 From thence on foot, two hundred leagues,
 Alone by night and day,
 Her journey through a war-like land
 A weary distance lay.
 (Our boldest ¹²Spahis could not ride
 Safely along that way.)

² & ³ KIRPULI, the Grand Vizier of MOHAMMED IV., was a man of great ability, to whom the Sultan entrusted the siege of Candia, with a command that no one of that army should appear *alive* in his presence until Candia should be taken. The siege had lasted twenty-two years, and cost the Turks one hundred thousand soldiers, beside about an equal number of men not registered in the army. Christendom regarded the defence of Candia as the great struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, and men and munitions of war came from all the Christian nations. It surrendered to KIRPULI in about two years.

⁵ St. PETER's at Rome.

⁶ & ⁷ MAHOMMED IV. declared his determination to make the altar at Rome a stable for his horse.

⁸ Aga is a general officer.

⁹ Persian title of the Sultan.

¹⁰ *Namas*, is prayer. The evening *Namas* was instituted in commemoration of JESUS CHRIST, whom the Turks recognize as a historical personage; not to bow to *that* was to reject JESUS also.

¹¹ She went to Smyrna.

¹² Spahis — cavalry. Yellow flag is the Asiatic cavalry, to whom the Sultan gives precedence by placing them on his right hand: European Spahis on the left.

Her PROPHET gave her meat and drink,
 And nerved each sinking limb;
 In clouds by day, by night in fire,
 He bade her follow him
 To Adrianople's royal camp,
 (So saith her doubtful word,)
 To bring the ¹³Refuge of the world
 'A Message from the Lord.'

VIII.

The Sultan mused a while, and spoke:
¹⁴'Caimakin, God is God;
 What wouldst thou with this infidel?'
 'Chastise her with the rod!'

Up to his feet the Sultan sprung;
 His glance was stern and high;
 The Aga and Caimakin paled
 Before his flashing eye.
 'Now by my Father's soul,' he said,
 'My own right royal arm
 Would from thy shoulders strike thy head,
 Shouldst thou that Christian harm.
 The Prophet's self had not inspired
 A sterner, loftier faith
 To lift a woman's soul above
 Danger, and toil, and death.
 She *shall* have audience. To our staff
 Our royal mandate bear;
 We shall await them in our tent,
 After the morning prayer.
 See thou that noble Christian, then,
 Straight to our audience led;
 And for her safety and repose
 Thou'lt answer with thy head.'

IX

Morning, beyond the eastern hills
 Her glorious march begun;
 And Adrianople's holy mosques
 Stood glittering in the sun.
 The loud ¹⁵Muezzins' pious call
 Fell from the minaret;
 Reverent the fierce believers all
 That sacred summons met.
 The standard of the Prophet swung
 Slowly upon the air,
 While its defenders in the camp
 Devoutly knelt in prayer.

X

Alone, amid that turbaned host,
 By larger truth made free,

The Christian, at the call, withheld
 The homage of her knee.
 Fierce bigots, with their eyes of fire,
 Saw her refuse to kneel;
 And swarthy hands, unclasped from
 prayer,
 Convulsive clutched the steel.
 Apart she sate, serene and still,
 Within the open tent;
 To that devout delusion round
 Respectful pity lent.
 Her spirit through the Sacred Courts
 Its own high path-way trod,
 In the still temple of the soul
 Communing with her God.

XI

As thus she sate, the Aga came,
 By the Caimakin sent,
 To bid her, in the Sultan's name,
 Attend him in his tent.
 The fiery warriors, on her way,
 Gathered in silent wrath,
 And, motionless as forms of bronze,
 Ranged them along her path.
 Swarthy and grim on either side
 The breathing statues stood;
 Two lines of sabres, half unsheathed,
 Seemed thirsting for her blood.
 With folded hands and steady step,
 And eye in quiet, bent
 Upon the savage throng, she passed
 Into the royal tent.

XII.

The Sultan, on a raised Divan,
 Sat in his splendid state;
 Grouped in a crescent round the tent
 His staff and escort wait;
 Warriors of grave and noble mien
 Ranged as they ranked in fame,
 Who to that audience with the Giaour
 Slow and reluctant came.
 Rich draperies of Damascus hung
 In many an ample fold;
 (Old triumphs on their emerald ground
 Were wrought in gems and gold,)
 That backward from the Sultan's seat
 Were looped on either hand;
 The *Mufti* and *Caimakin* stood
 Beside each jewelled band.
 The Koran on a frame of pearl
 Its sacred page displayed;
 The Greek Dragoman, waiting near,
 Profound obeisance made.

¹³TITLE of the Sultan.

¹⁴Caimakin, is the substitute for the Grand Vizier in his absence.

¹⁵Muezzin, who calls to prayers from the minaret of the mosques.

XIII.

Amid the dazzling splendor round,
In sweet and solemn mood,
The Quaker, in her humble garb,
Serene and simple stood,
Despite the Aga's frequent sign
To make her low salaâm;
Respectful, but unmoved remained,
Silent, and firm, and calm.

XIV.

'*Christian,*' at length the Sultan said,
'We wait to hear thy word:
Declare it, neither less nor more,
Thy *'Message from the Lord.'*

So still she stood, again he said:

'Speak what thou hast to say;
If these rude warriors waken dread,
My staff alone shall stay.
Speak freely, we have hearts to feel,
And ears prepared to hear;
And be thy message good or ill,
Speak — thou hast none to fear.'

'I seek,' she said, 'the Life within,
Where strength and wisdom lie,
To give my utterance weight, and power,
And unction, from on high.'

Gravely the listening Moslem heard,
And patient and sedate;
Waiting the Christian's farther word
The turbaned warriors sate.

XV.

Below, the encampment seemed to lay,
That morning, hushed and still;
The distant chargers' friendly neigh
Came faintly up the hill,
With sound of steel that peaceful rung
From restless Spahis nigh,
As some impatient horseman flung
His burnished armor by.
The ancient Hebrus rolled along
By the old cypress groves,
From whose deep shade the turtle's song
Proclaimed its peaceful loves.
The sun-light fell in waves of gold
In all that bounteous clime.
Where melody and fragrance hold
Perpetual Summer-time.
As Nature to that scene of strife
Her holiest influence lent,
Subdued, the fierce surrounding life
Throbbled through the silent tent.

XVI.

A light upon the Christian's face
From her rapt spirit broke:

And slowly, with unconscious grace
And solemn power, she spoke:

XVII.

'Bold follower of thy Prophet, hear
The *Message of the Lord*;
Ye men of carnal war, give ear
Unto his living word.
The HOLY SPIRIT bade me leave
My home and native land,
Bearing God's message in my heart,
My life within my hand;
Led me in fire through dreary nights,
In clouds through burning days;
O'er pathless deeps and mountain-heights,
And by untravelled ways;
To bid your Sultan in his youth
Seek an immortal crown,
And build in God's eternal truth
Your glory and renown:
To wield the great and growing power,
Vouchsafed you from above,
To help establish in the earth
Justice, and Truth, and Love;
To leave your heathen ways, and live
The husband and the wife,
Around the sacred hearth of home
A higher, holier life.
God made the union of the twain
When first the race began;
For ever shall His act remain
The marriage-law of man.
God bids *thee*, great and mighty King,
Thy wars and fightings cease,
And thy victorious armies bring
To the pursuits of peace;
A greater than *thy* Prophet speaks;
Hear thou His living word:
'Make of thy spear a pruning-hook,
A plough-share of thy sword.
Thou mak'st a wilderness to howl
Where peopled cities stood,
And marchest through the affrighted earth
In surging seas of blood.
Before thee, horror and despair,
Ruin and death behind;
Famine and pestilence are there,
Thou scourge of human kind!'

XVIII.

Clear and distinct her utterance fell
Upon the stillness round;
The turbaned warriors half arose
To catch the startling sound;
As the Dragoman passed her words
Into their native tongue,
To strike the bold blasphemer down
A score of warriors sprung.
A ring of quivering sabres gleamed
Grasped in each swarthy hand

But the bold bigots quailed before
The Sultan's high command.
A moment, o'er the Christian's head
The flashing weapons hung;
Then each within its sheath of steel
Keen and reluctant rung.

XIX.

Unmoved and calm the Quaker stood,
But DEATH, as *he* drew nigh,
Heightened the radiance of her face,
The lustre of her eye;
Deepened her clear and thrilling tone,
That o'er the turbaned throng,
Obedient to the Sultan's sign,
Unfaltering, rolled along.

XX.

'Tis written, and for ever makes
Part of God's holy Word,
'Whoso the sword of warfare takes
Shall perish by the sword.'
Your cities stand upon the dust
Of nations passed away,
Who perished wholly; for their trust
In carnal weapons lay.
Israel, an alien, o'er the earth
Wanders without a home;
Lo! where are Persia, Syria now,
Egypt, and Greece, and Rome?
For ever lost to Time and Life!
Thus GOD fulfills His Word;
Whoso shall take the sword in strife
Shall perish by the sword.
Islam shall not escape the wo
Of those who build by wrong;
Strong as thou art, great Sultan, know
That God is great and strong;
For principalities, nor powers,
Nor heights, nor depths untrod;
Things past, nor present, nor to come,
Limit the power of GOD.
Turn thou to peace! or GOD shall wring
The sceptre from thy hand,
And the great wo of nations bring
Upon thy favored land.
Then shall your Crescent's light go down
In darkness and in blood;
Forgot, your glory and renown,
Where once your temples stood.'

XXI

She ceased; and though above the throng
A solemn silence fell,
Deep in the hangings of the tent
Her utterance seemed to dwell.

Pale as a prophetess she stood;
Her eyes were filled with light;
Mutely the wondering warriors gazed,
The Presence was so bright.
The aged *Mufti* stroked his beard,
Pondering on what he saw:
'An infidel! so filled with power
Without His holy law!'

XXII.

'*Christian*,' the Sultan said, 'we see
The Great God gives thee words.
Dwell in our land; we welcome thee;
Thy Message is the Lord's.'

'Great Sultan, may thy people own
The *Word of Truth* I brought;
In peace I leave you, and *alone*,
Even as your camp I sought.'

'Escort to ¹⁶ *Stamboul* thou shalt have,
Escort, the best of mine;
I would not, for an hundred lives,
That harm should come to thine.'

'Ho! Kizlar-Aga, bid thy staff ¹⁷
Send me a thousand horse!
The Spahis of our yellow flag,
The boldest of their force;
And bid them hither; *Morah*, bring
My noble Arab mare;
Brave Christian, *Morah* will be proud
Courage like thine to bear.'

XXIII.

Moved by his generous words, she said:

'I thank thee, noble Turk;
I do not need thy men of war
To do *my* MASTER's work;
His arm is underneath me still;
He is my staff and guide;
Legions of angels, at His will,
Shall gather to my side.
Now peace be with you from above;
Peace in your councils dwell;
For in our common FATHER's love
I bid you all—farewell!'

She turned, and, meekly and sedate,
Passed slowly from the tent,
While the great Sultan, where he sate,
In salutation bent.
Thoughtful, unconscious that his hand
Rested upon his sword,
He sate, revolving in his mind
The Christian's fearless word:

¹⁶ STAMBOUL, is Constantinople.

¹⁷ KIZLAR-AGA, commander of the horse.

Lifting his eye, the Crescent's light —
 Kindling above him then —
 Flashed inward through its quiet depths,
 And fired his soul again.

XXIV.

Who seek to know, the record tells
 That Quaker, travelling far,
 Went peaceful to her English home;
 The Sultan went to war:
 And at Vienna's fearful siege,
 On many a dreadful field,
 Before the soldiers of the Cross
 Beheld his armies yield;
 And, as without, relentless foes
 Humbled his power and pride;
 Within, as stormy factions rose,
 Beset on every side,
 By Adrianople's mosques, resigned
 His sceptre and his sword;
 And dying, pondered in his mind
 That *Message from the Lord*.

XXV.

Two hundred years! The Sultan rests
 Upon his tomb of state;
 While *Islam's* Empire rocks around
 Upon the brink of fate.
 Beyond the Balkan mountains high
 Its ancient foemen throng;
 Their drum-note echoes, rolling by,
 Lo! '*God is great and strong!*'
 Around her lessening lines, and near
 The nation's clashing swords,
 Repeat in *Islam's* startled ear:
 'That Message was the *LORD'S!*'

XXVI.

Two hundred years! The Quaker sleeps
 Within her nameless grave;
 But a whole kindred people keeps
 Her memory pure and brave.
 The while, her '*Faith of Peace and Love,*'
 That feebly then began,
 Grows with the world's great life to be
 The common Faith of man.*

* MARY FISHER, on her return from New-England, where she met with severe treatment, set out on her mission to MOHAMMED IV., then encamped with his army without Adrianople. She reached Smyrna by sea, but the English Consul sent her back to Venice, no doubt believing her to be crazy, as most people are charitably supposed to be who are in advance of their times. From Venice she made her way by land, on foot, to Adrianople, more than *six hundred miles*, through a country filled with soldiers and out-laws of every description; delivered her message to the Sultan, who assembled his Staff, and received her in state, acknowledged her '*mission,*' and the truth of what she said, and requested her to stay in his dominions. Upon her declining to do so, he offered her escort to Constantinople, saying the country was full of danger, and he would not, on any account, harm should come to her in his kingdom. She declined his escort, and reached Constantinople and England in safety.

Some idea of the peril and privation of this journey may be had from MARY MONTAGUE'S Letters, who, as the wife of the English Ambassador, went to Adrianople nearly fifty years *after* MARY FISHER'S visit, and erroneously states that *she* was the first Christian woman who had made the dangerous journey since the Greek Emperors, and Pope bewailed her as one environed by the greatest peril; whereas, the heroic Quakeress, defended by no guard, under the auspices of no Government — save that which is above all kingdoms — made the journey half a century before; and it may indicate how contemptuous must have been the feeling at that time toward the Quakers, seeing that this act of true heroism was not known to MARY MONTAGUE, even under the circumstances of a similar journey from the same country and city, and that no contemporaneous history records it, or any tradition preserves it, save the '*Memorials of the Meeting,*' if there was any, to which the simple Quaker returned her credentials, if she had any, saying she '*had performed the service to the peace and satisfaction of her own mind.*'

The Turkish power reached its height in the reign of MOHAMMED IV., at the successful termination of the siege of Candia, and began its decline in the same reign at the Turkish siege of Vienna, when SOBIESKI, King of Poland, came to the aid of Austria, and defeated the Turks with great slaughter. MOHAMMED IV. was subsequently deposed, and died in the Seraglio, after five years' seclusion. He was a great and splendid monarch, who reigned nearly fifty years, in the early part of which he extended his dominions and consolidated his power, reducing the janizaries of his kingdom, so long the dread of the ruler and the terror of the people. His speech on the occasion of his compulsory abdication, is a rare specimen of eloquence.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE
LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER NINE.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

For five or six years Marcel had worked at the famous painting which (he said) represented *the Passage of the Red Sea*; and for five or six years, this master-piece of color had been obstinately refused by the jury. In fact, by dint of going and returning so many times from the artist's study to the Museum, and from the Museum to his study, the picture knew the road to the Louvre well enough to have gone thither of itself, if it had been put on wheels. Marcel, who had repainted the canvas ten times over, from top to bottom, attributed to personal hostility on the part of the jury the ostracism which annually repulsed him from the Square Saloon; nevertheless, he was not totally discouraged by the obstinate rejection which greeted him at every exhibition. He was comfortably established in the persuasion that his picture was, on a somewhat smaller scale, the pendant required by the *Marriage of Cana*, that gigantic master-piece whose astonishing brilliancy the dust of three centuries has not been able to tarnish. Accordingly, every year at the epoch of the exhibition, Marcel sent his great work to the jury of examiners; only, to deceive them, he would change some details of his picture, and the title of it, without disturbing the general composition.

Thus, it came before the jury once, under the name of *The Passage of the Rubicon*; but Pharaoh, badly disguised under the mantle of Cæsar, was recognized and rejected with all the honors due him. Next year, Marcel threw a coat of white over the foreground, to imitate snow, planted a fir-tree in one corner, and, dressing an Egyptian like a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture, *Passage of the Beresina*. But the jury had wiped its glasses that day, and was not duped by this new stratagem. It recognized the pertinacious picture by a thundering big pie-bald horse that was prancing on top of a wave of the Red Sea. The skin of this horse served Marcel for all his experiments in coloring; he used to call it, familiarly, his *synoptic table of fine tones*, because it reproduced the most varied combinations of color, with the different plays of light and shade. Once again, however, the jury could not find black balls enough to refuse the *Passage of the Beresina*.

'Very well,' said Marcel, 'I thought so! Next year, I shall send it under the title of the *Passage of the Panoramas*.'

'They're going to be jollily caught — caught!'

sang Schaunard to a new air of his own composition; a terrible air,

like a gamut of thunder-claps, the accompaniment whereof was a terror to all pianos within hearing.

'How can they refuse it, without all the vermillion of my Red Sea mounting to their cheeks, and covering them with the blush of shame?' ejaculated the artist, as he gazed on his picture. 'When I think that there is five hundred francs' worth of color there, and at least a million of genius, without counting my lovely youth, now as bald as my old hat! But they shan't get the better of me! Till my dying day, I will send them my picture. It shall be engraved on their memories.'

'The surest way of ever having it engraved,' said Colline, in a plaintive tone, and then added to himself, 'Very neat, that; I shall repeat it in society!'

Marcel continued his imprecations, which Schaunard continued to put to music.

'Ah, they won't admit me! The government pays them, lodges them, and gives them decorations, on purpose to refuse me once a year; every first of March! I see their idea! I see it clearly! They want to make me burn my pencils. They hope that when my Red Sea is refused, I will throw myself out of the window of despair. But they little know the heart of man, if they think to take me thus. I will not wait for the opening of the Saloon. From to-day, my work shall be a picture of Damocles, eternally suspended over their existence. I will send it once a week to each of them, at his home in the bosom of his family; in the very heart of his private life. It shall trouble their domestic joys; they shall find their roasts burnt, their wines sour, and their wives bitter! They will grow mad rapidly, and go to the Institute in strait-waistcoats. Ha! ha! the thought consoles me.'

Some days after, when Marcel had already forgotten his terrible plans of vengeance against his persecutors, he received a visit from Father *Medicis*. So the club called a Jew, named Salomon, who at that time was well known to all the vagabond-dom of art and literature, and had continual transactions with them. Father *Medicis* traded in all sorts of trumpery. He sold complete sets of furniture from *twelve* francs up to five thousand; he bought every thing, and knew how to dispose of it again, at a profit. Proudhon's bank of exchange was nothing in comparison with the system practised by *Medicis*, who possessed the genius of traffic to a degree at which the ablest of his religion had never before arrived. His shop was a fairy region where you found any thing you wished for. Every product of nature, every creation of art; whatever issues from the bowels of the earth or the head of man, was an object of commerce for him. His business included every thing; literally, every thing that exists; he even trafficked in the *ideal*. He bought *ideas* to sell or speculate in them. Known to all *litterateurs* and all artists, intimate with the palette and familiar with the desk, he was the very Asmodeus of the arts. He would sell you cigars for a column of your newspaper, slippers for a sonnet, fresh fish for paradoxes; he would talk, *for so much an hour*, with the people who furnished fashionable gossip to the journals. He would procure you places in the Chambers, and invitations to parties. He lodged wandering artistlings by the day, week, or month, taking for pay, copies of the

pictures in the Louvre. The green-room had no mysteries for him. He would get your pieces into the theatre, or yourself into the boudoir of an actress. He had a copy of the *Almanac of Twenty-five thousand Directions* in his head, and knew the names, residences, and secrets of all celebrities, even those who were not celebrated.

A few pages, copied from his *waste-book*, will give a better idea of the universality of his operations than the most copious explanation could.

'Sold to Mr. L —, antiquary, the compass which ARCHIMEDES used at the siege of Syracuse. Seventy-five francs.

'Bought of Mr. V —, editor, the entire works, uncut, of Mr. X —, Member of the Academy. Ten francs.

'Sold to the same, a criticism of the complete works of Mr. X —, of the Academy. Thirty francs.

'Sold to Mr. X —, of the Academy, a laudatory review (twelve columns) of his complete works. Two hundred and fifty francs.

'Bought of Mr. R —, literary man, a critical article on the complete works of Mr. X —. Ten francs. *Plus* half a ton of coal and four pounds of coffee.

'Sold to Mr. G —, a porcelain vase which had belonged to Madame DUBARRY. Eighteen francs.

'Bought of little D —, her hair. Fifteen francs.

'Bought of Mr. B —, a lot of articles on Society, and the last three misakes in spelling made by the Prefect of the Seine. Six francs, *plus* a pair of Naples shoes.

'Sold to Mademoiselle O —, a flaxen head of hair. One hundred and twenty francs.

'Bought of Mr. M —, historical painter, a series of humorous designs. Twenty-five francs.

'Sold Mr. FERDINAND the time when Mme. La Baronne de T — goes to mass. Twenty francs.

'Bought of Mr. J —, painter, the portrait of Mr. ISIDORE as APOLLO. Six francs.

'Sold Mlle. R — a pair of lobsters and six pair of gloves. Thirty-six francs. Received three francs.

'For the same, procured a credit of six months with Mme. Z —, dress-maker. (Price not settled.)

'Procured for Mme. Z —, dress-maker, the custom of Mlle. R —. Three yards of velvet, and three yards of lace.

'Bought of Mr. R —, literary man, a claim of one hundred and twenty francs against the — newspaper. Three francs, *plus* two pounds of tobacco.

'Sold Mr. FERDINAND two love-letters. Twelve francs.

'Sold Mr. ISIDORE his portrait as APOLLO. Thirty francs.

'Bought of Mr. M —, one hundred and fifty pounds of his work, entitled, *Sub-Marine Revolutions*.

'Lent Mme. la Comtesse de G — a service of china. Twenty francs.

'Bought of Mr. G —, journalist, fifty-two lines in his article of city gossip. One hundred francs, *plus* a set of chimney-ornaments.

'Sold to Messrs. O — and Company fifty-two lines in the city gossip of the —. Three hundred francs, *plus* two sets of chimney-ornaments.

'Bought of Mr. G. C., a memoir on the flax and linen trade. Fifty francs, and a rare edition of Josephus.

'Sold Mlle S. G — a complete set of new furniture. Five thousand francs.

'For the same, paid an apothecary's bill. Seventy-five francs.

'do. do. a milkman's do. Three francs.'

These quotations show what an extensive range the operations of the Jew took. It may be added, that although some articles of his commerce were decidedly illicit, he had never got himself into any trouble.

The Jew comprehended, on his entrance, that he had come at a favorable moment. In fact, the four friends were at that moment in council, under the auspices of a ferocious appetite, discussing the grave question of meat and drink. It was a Sunday at the end of the month — sinister day!

The arrival of Medicis was therefore hailed by a joyous chorus, for

they knew that he was too saving of his time to spend it in visits of polite ceremony; his presence announced business.

'Good evening, Gentlemen!' quoth he.

'Colline!' said Rodolphe, who was *studying the horizontal line* at full length on his bed, 'do the hospitable. Give our guest a chair: a guest is sacred.'

Colline took an arm-chair about as soft as iron, and shoved it toward the Jew, saying:

'Suppose, for once, you were Cinna, (you *are* a great sinner, you know,) and take this seat.'

'Oh! oh! oh!' shouted the others, looking at the floor to see if it would not open and swallow up the philosopher. Meanwhile, the Jew let himself fall into the arm-chair, and was just going to cry out at its hardness, when he remembered that it was one which he himself had sold Colline for a deputy's speech. As the Jew sat down, his pockets reechoed with a silvery sound; melodious symphony, which threw the four friends into a reverie of delight.

'The accompaniment seems pretty,' said Rodolphe aside to Marcel; 'now for the air!'

'Mr. Marcel,' said Medicis, 'I have merely come to make your fortune; that is to say, I offer you a superb occasion for making your entry into the artistic world. Art, you know, Mr. Marcel, is a barren route, of which glory is the oasis.'

'Father Medicis,' cried Marcel, on the tenter-hooks of impatience, 'in the name of your revered patron, St. Fifty-per-cent., be brief!'

'Here it is,' continued Medicis; 'a rich amateur, who is collecting a gallery destined to make the tour of Europe, has charged me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. I come to offer you admission into this museum — in a word, to buy your *'Passage of the Red Sea.'*

'Money down?' asked Marcel.

'Specie,' replied the Jew, making the orchestra of his pockets strike up.

'Do you take the specious offer?' asked Colline.

'Wretch!' shouted Rodolphe, 'don't you see that he is talking of *tin*? Is there nothing sacred for you, atheist that you are?'

Colline mounted on a table and assumed the attitude of Harpocrates.

'Push on, Medicis!' said Marcel, exhibiting his picture: 'I wish to leave you the honor of fixing the price of this work, which is above all price.'

The Jew placed on the table a hundred and fifty francs in new coin.

'Well, what more?' said Marcel; 'that's only the prologue.'

'Mr. Marcel,' replied the Jew, 'you know that my first offer is my last. I shall add nothing. Reflect: a hundred and fifty francs: that is a sum, it is!'

'A very small sum,' said the artist; 'there is that much worth of cobalt in my Pharaoh's robe. Make it a round sum, at any rate! Square it off; say two hundred!'

'I won't add a sous!' said Medicis; 'but I stand dinner for the company; wine to any extent.'

'Going! going! going!' shouted Colline, with three blows of his fist on the table, 'no one speaks? — gone!'

‘Well, it’s a bargain!’ said Marcel.

‘I will send for the picture to-morrow,’ said the Jew; ‘and now, gentlemen, to dinner!’

Medicis treated the four friends in a really magnificent way, and gave them their first edition of a number of dishes. They departed from the gorgeous banquet as drunk as a vintage-day. Marcel’s intoxication was near having the most deplorable consequences. In passing by his tailor’s, at two in the morning, he absolutely wanted to wake up his creditor, and pay him the hundred and fifty francs on account. A ray of reason which flashed across the mind of Colline, stopped the artist on the border of this precipice.

A week after, Marcel discovered in what gallery his picture had been placed. While passing through the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, he stopped in the midst of a group which seemed to regard with curiosity a sign that was putting up over a shop-door. This sign was neither more nor less than Marcel’s picture, which Medicis had sold to a grocer; only, the *Passage of the Red Sea* had undergone one more alteration, and received one more new name. It had received the addition of a steam-boat, and was called *the Harbor of Marseilles*. The curious by-standers were bestowing on it a flattering ovation. Marcel returned home in ecstasy at his triumph, muttering to himself, *Vox Populi vox Dei*.

D E C E M B E R .

LAST night, the wind came wailing round my dwelling,
 Out from autumnal forests brown and sere;
 With moan, and groan, and shrilly tone, upwelling,
 Thrilling my soul with fancies cold and drear;
 Loud through my latticed window swelling, telling
 The failing glories of the dying year;
 The failing hopes and purpose of the year.

What high resolves and longings, warm and earnest,
 And what fixed hopes, and plans for coming cheer,
 Began to span the future; e’en the sternest,
 Pointing to joys that soon should enter here.
 Ah! what a fall! stern lesson, thou, man, learnest!
 Sad diapason of the failing year!
 Dead hopes, departed pleasures of the year!

So, to my soul, I heard the night-wind singing;
 So, through my soul swept fancies cold and drear;
 With moan, and groan, and choking tone, upbringing
 Forgotten vows, lost loves, and heart-strings bleat;
 Shafts of remorse, and sorrow’s winging, wringing
 Tears, on my pillow, for the wasted year —
 Rain, from the heavens, for the wasted year!

E’en as the dead leaves, falling in the forest,
 E’en as the frosted flowers strew Summer’s bier —
 Heart-sore, no more shall pour, when need is sorest,
 The dews that Spring so freely lavished here.
 Tree of my life’s dead hopes! the leaves thou worst,
 How thick they strew the autumn of the year!
 How sad they swell the requiem of the year!

L. J. BATES.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1853.

MODERN SORCERERS.

It has been mentioned, on the authority, I believe, of the newspaper, in the columns of which we periodically find records of heaven-dropped frogs, that a tadpole of inquiring mind, having just arrived at that stage of transition into froghood, when his tail dropped off, became miraculously gifted with speech, and, addressing himself, in private communion with his injured feelings, uttered the pithy interrogatory, 'What next?'

The reiteration of this hopeless inquiry is about the farthest thing from my present intentions. Tadpoles though we are, wonders come so thick upon us from day to day, that we hardly have time to cherish into full-blow our astonishment at *this*, when on comes *that*, and nips in the bud our beginning wonderment for *t'other*: and, so far from the few pages into which I hope to compress my present remarks, being set forth as a field in which any flowers of philosophy may be culled, I warn the reader, at the beginning, that my space will be much liker, in the main, to a dry-dock, into which I feel myself impelled to proceed, for the purpose of letting off an unlimited quantity of superfluous steam.

Accustomed as I have been, from my small boyhood upward, to consider 'all the world a stage,' it is with feelings akin to admiration, that I reflect upon the present improved state of the machinery of the 'mezzonine floor' of that stupendous establishment. I will here state, for the information of such of my readers as have been nurtured in a superstitious seclusion from the temple of the acted drama, that the 'mezzonine,' vulgarly '*mazarine*' floor, of a theatre, is the lower-deck or chamber, immediately beneath the stage, the chamber of horrors, in fact, from which Bill Griggs, artistically got up with a luminous death's head on the top of his natural numskull, and a bloody winding-sheet over his cotton-velvet wrap-rascal and corduroy shorts, is gradually developed through a trap, to horrify the upper world, as the ghost of the murdered Scroggins. Well, the world being a stage, it follows, as a matter of course, that the chaotic region, known as the 'bowels of the earth,' must be fitted up with a regulation 'mezzonine.' The drama of life is merged in melodrama: the stage darkened; the traps are catapulting forth their apparitions; the foot-lights burning blue; the serpents of the orchestra metamorphosed into real live pythons; pit, boxes, and gallery are standing upon the benches, and with out-stretched necks, distended eyes, and imbecile relaxation of mouth, are waiting for the developments of the next act. Superstition is the scene-painter, mysticism the manager, but who is the prompter? Spirit of Swedenborg! — if, happily, thou may'st be translated from the Swedish into a four-legged, walnut, domestic, decently-clothed table, like that at which I now write — surely art thou become, literally, a 'household word:' and being such, I here, straining for the requisite faith, beseech thee to lift up thy off-hind walnut-leg, gently, and at such a mild angle as not to capsize my ink-stand; and, watching with thy to-me-invisible eyes, as I touch the alphabet, to spell out for me, in thy ragged-school-boy, round-about, rhapsodical revealings, an answer to the above important

query. By the light of a lamp, (a spirit-lamp, of course, and haunted by a shade,) I wait for you. 'Come o'er the sea at the silent hour.' The house is still : it is not yet midnight : I am wide awake ; as keen for the supernatural as if my faculties had been recently whetted on one of Mechi's Magic Strops. I pause for a reply. I wish I may get it.

The suspicion of sorcery, in all ages, until this present one of the Golden Goose, has been visited upon the attainted with the utmost rigor of the laws of Lynch and others ; burning at the stake, breaking upon the wheel, imprisonment for life, at the least. In the palmy days, when the merriment of our ancestral halls was augmented, as the old song informs us, by the wagging of assembled beards, a telegraph-operator would have stood no chance. He would have been carved and grilled, spatch-cocked, as it were, by the public executioner ; and subsequently, his remains would have been carefully levigated in a mortar, and distributed, as in mockery, to the four cardinal points. At present, he is a flat fact : a substantial, unromantic, tangible, two-legged lightning-conductor. There is no witchcraft about him now. He is simply a small magnet in the laboratory of natural philosophy, to which every thing in our day seems to be possible ; except, indeed, as some fiend in human form remarked, the production of ashes from gun-powder. And so, the natural having become flat, we must needs have recourse to mysticism : and society finds it necessary to maintain its sorcerers and sorceresses, professional and amateur. A new want has arisen, resulting in a vampire appetite for dead men, combined with a supernatural capaciousness of swallow. 'What's in a name ?' Why, this much : that the sorcerer, or witch, or wizard, or worse, of former days, has 'b'iled down to a p'int' in the seething caldron of time : and, retaining in his refinement the very essence of the proscribed devil-raiser, pervades the world with patchouli instead of brimstone, perfuming our drawing-rooms with the odor of the sanctity of the professed 'medium.' The three young sorceresses, beneath the throbbing branches of whose delicate hands I but lately saw an innocent-looking rose-wood-table become animated with a manifestation of being — pumped full of spirits, if I may be permitted to apply so profane an illustration — were greeted with trembling whispers of applause by the circling guests, as each anxious inquiry upon subjects of such popular interest as the number of teeth at present tenanting the interior of Mrs. Hobbs's mother's head, was responded to by Rosewood, with eloquent stamp. There was something awful in the exactitude with which each isolated nipper was numerically knocked off, and sublime in the simple faith with which the company accepted Mrs. Hobbs's mother's assurances of the correctness of the sum-total, without, in any instance, availing themselves of her proffered invitation to a personal inspection. These three young sorceresses are still at large ; nor have I heard that any legal proceedings are likely to be instituted against them. And long may they continue to bewitch the tables, and those who sit at them ; of the latter of which misdemeanors I firmly believe them to be guilty, many times a month. Of their sorcery, however, I hold no account : for, having been granted an appeal to Rosewood, immediately after the successful response on the subject of Mrs. Hobbs's mother's dental relics, and having humbly ex-

pressed a desire to be informed as to the precise number of lines contained in the third sonnet of the poems of John Keats, Rosewood mendaciously rapped forth the number of six, which was subsequently, (leave for correction having been granted by me,) extended to nine, and finally reached the limit of twenty, without once hitting upon the necessary and normal quantity of fourteen. The magic, then, of these young soothsayers, was of the same mild quality as that of the professional lady-medium of great renown, but small acquaintance with polite literature, who, at the earnest solicitation of a miscreant, representing himself as a relation of the departed, did impiously invoke and conjure up from nothing, the spirit of one Lemuel Gulliver, which dwelleth nowhere — Gulliver, the companion of our childhood: but who never was born, and, of course, never died.

Of a less diluted brewage, however, is the necromancy indulged in by divers divines and jurisconsults, whose 'experiences' on the subject of spirit-communications have recently been given to the world. The Reverend Mr. Godfrey, for instance, Rector of Wortley, England, professes to have been eminently successful in sustaining table-talk with a defunct parishioner of his, who represents himself as being condemned for unknown spaces to haunt and inspire the reverend gentleman's mahogany. 'The *bad* spirits alone,' says this lost sheep of the fold of Wortley, 'are thus condemned to haunt the places of their earthly pilgrimage;' some being locally transmigrated into stocks and stones, while others gibber and leer at us through the eyes of epileptic idiots and convulsed lunatics. If this spirit *was* a spirit, and spoke the truth, shall men express surprise if, in the course of our promised progress of communion with the spirit-world, (for the initiated tell us it is only just beginning,) an over-heated dumb-stove become endowed with speech, and, shouting through its pipe, as through a speaking-trumpet, petrify the hearts of a palpitating household with the terrible monosyllable, 'Fire!' Shall I be shocked at finding that my peculiar clothes-horse has become animated with the royal spirit of the King Nebuchadnezzar, and, abandoning with recklessness its hitherto useful and respectable career, been detected out at grass in the neighboring meadows? Who shall be responsible for the reputations of his fire-irons? — the poker, tongs, and shovel — whose ironical gravity of demeanor has established for them a hitherto untarnished respectability? Possibly, renowned individuals, who have been re-produced in posthumous marble, at the expense of a grateful country, may think it worth while occasionally to 'possess' and animate their chiselled effigies. No shock, indeed, would it be to my feelings, but rather a gratification, if such an art-creation as Baily's famous 'Eve at the Fountain' were to rise from her graceful recumbence, and shaking down for a garment her 'rippled tresses,' like the Lady Godiva, trip daintily through the garden in search of apples — or of Adam. But how trying to refined sensibilities to come suddenly upon a marble general, lunching upon the road-side 'metal' of a macadamized highway, in company with a granite statesman! — a veritable 'Festin de Pierre,' foreshadowed by the immortal Molière! — whose terrible 'Statue of the Commander,' with his marbleized-ironical nod, haunts me ever as I recall the reading. There be modern statues, how-

ever, of dukes and of presidents, rampantly riding 'a-cock-horse,' that will be warranted safe from all such somnambulistish vagaries, inasmuch as no spirits, from regions above or from regions below, would be found to possess them at any price. Far from us be the evil spirits elicited from the deceased parishioner by the alphabetical spells of the Rector of Wortley! Modern sorcerers! — iconoclasts of the cherished images dear to us from infancy! — where shall the limits be when ye abolish the boundary between spirit and matter? Like the 'apprentice-sorcerer' of Göthe, ye may indeed bring up the evil power to your call, but find yourself unable to dismiss it. The evil spirit that moves your table may tamper with your weapons, playfully draw your razor across your unsuspecting throat, or transfer the contents of your revolver into your troubled dream-case, at the dead hour of the night: and people rush in, and morning brings the coroner and his myrmidons, and noon a verdict of 'Died by his own hand' — a verdict founded upon the *prima facie* evidence that has sufficed for ages. The Rector of Wortley is welcome to his revelations; and I hope he finds himself desirably situated in his increased domestic circle: but it might have been more judicious in him to have withheld from publication the statement of the defunct parishioner, to the effect that his great trouble in the other world arose from his having deserted the Episcopalian for the Wesleyan Church, unmindful of the warnings of his former pastor. It is instructive to remark how invariably the 'mediums' manage to elicit revealed testimony in favor of the particular sects or creeds to which they happen to belong, respectively. The latest report I have seen is that of a French Roman Catholic, whose spiritual communicant dated his revelations from 'Purgatory,' and stated that 'a mass would do him good.' Now, earnest though such persons may be in their faith in inspired furniture, they thus furnish their opponents with a weapon which they will not be slow in turning against them: and the mildest form of oburgation which they may expect from the sceptical will have for its burden the imputation of pious fraud. Certain it is, that persons of known respectability, and of good education, have gone deeply into the modern sorcery; that they believe in it, and that they take pains to promulgate their belief. But it is equally certain, that infallibility is no attribute even of the highest compound of respectability and education. Over-wrought enthusiasm — mind warped with intensity of application to a particular subject — incapacity for analyzation — the vanity of seeming to possess the power of communication with the invisible world — all, or any of these, might supersede education, force of character, honesty. Accident has often deceived the hardest-headed sceptic. Years before spirits rapped, and in those simple days when the only record we had of self-moving furniture was embodied in the discreditable nursery-rhyme, which sets forth how 'the dish ran after the spoon,' a hay-stack moved at midnight from its position by a lonely grange in a quiet English valley, and pursued nearly to the death a respectable country physician who was wending his solitary way homewards from a professional call. The doctor dashed the spurs deep into the ribs of his astonished roadster, as he beheld in the misty moonlight his gigantic pursuer hot upon his track. Haystack kept in a line with

him, as he pushed his palfrey at full gallop over the flinty wheel-ruts of the deserted lane. Now it appeared closing upon him, the ghost of Timothy and Clover, a monstrous mass of many tons' measurement, ready to diverge from its parallel track, and overwhelm him with its immensity. Down the lane they clattered, the horse and his rider; ever pursued, *passibus æquis*, by the supernatural, silent stack, which cleared the fences on the line of country, as if imbued with the spirit of all the steeple-chasers that might be foddered on it for a month. At length the pace was too much for horse-nature, and the steed gave in. Human nature, too, was about to collapse. The doctor reeled in his saddle. Instantly expecting the haystack, he mechanically raised his hand to wipe the perspiration from his reeking brow, when, lo! the mysterious pursuer disappeared as if by magic. The secret was out. A stray curl of the doctor's wig had drooped from his temple at the moment of passing the haystack; and the eye, fascinated by the imperceptible substitution of one object for another, confounded the impression of the sedentary haystack with that of the moving tuft. The doctor was a man of strong common-sense, given neither to wine nor witchcraft; and yet, had he fainted from fatigue and excitement, without accidentally implicating his wig in the affair, who knows but he might have become a convert to the supernatural, and anticipated the table-turners in a pamphlet setting forth his experiences of an inspired haystack — a 'moving accident by flood and field?'

If I had no graver objection to our sorcerers, I would object to them for their want of poetry. There is no melody about that detestable dead denizen of Wortley, who, under the unromantic patronymic of Brown or Smith, returned from his particular limbo to utter contradictory platitudes through the infantile A B C of an earthly medium. There is neither rhyme nor reason in any of the printed statements set forth by the sorcerers; nor has a couplet as yet been wafted to us from ghost-land that would be considered worthy of a place in the 'poet's corner' of the newest country newspaper farthest west. Their mechanism is destitute of originality. Even their pretended vision of the departure of the soul from the body is but a revival of the ancient doctrine of Palingenesy, extended to suit circumstances. A pale, floating exhalation, say they, has been seen by the eye of the initiated, proceeding from the body at the moment of death — a sort of spiritual facsimile, preserving the form of the case from which it has just parted. Compare this with the records of old Gaffarel, a chemist of note some two centuries ago, who tells us of a Polish *savant*, also a chemist of great renown, who achieved much celebrity by his illustrations of the Palingenesy — the *delirium tremens* of the day in which he flourished, as the spirit-manifestation is that of ours. In vegetables, particularly, according to Gaffarel, the professor was great; and the treat of the evening at one of his *conversations* was the production of a bottle, not containing medicinal Geneva, or any other evasive anti-liquor-law stimulant, but simply charged with the ashes of some beautiful flower — a rose, for instance. By the application of a process, known to this celebrated druggist alone, a light cloud would be seen to arise from the mouth of the uncorked phial, which, to the delight and wonder of the

spectators, would gradually develope itself into the semblance of a rose of great perfection and freshness. Equally successful, I have no doubt, would the talented necromancer have been, in the treatment of a potted lobster, or of a jugged hare. Another of the remarkable men of that day — *he* must have been a 'Wizard of the North' — brought frost to his aid. Having, in the course of some experiments, as Gaffarel tells us, extracted the salts from some burnt nettles, and placed the lye in a situation exposed to the cold night air, he was startled next morning at finding the plant re-produced in ice — a perfect fac-simile of the original nettle, as if spun out of sugar or of glass. So delighted was he at the spectacle, that he sent off, express, for a friend to assist him in enjoying his nettles before a thaw came; and his enthusiasm even found vent in verse; for he burst forth with an average spiritual-manifestation couplet, of which the substance is:

'From this we gather, that when the body dieth,
Still in its ashes the shadowy form lieth.'

If you *will* go in for supernatural philosophy, let your psychology be of the German school: for the Germans 'do their spiriting gently,' suggesting the presence of the departed, without the unpoetical material process patronized by the rappers. Hear UHLAND upon the subject. Many years ago, I know not when, I fell in with, I cannot tell where, the following version of his poem of 'THE FERRY.' Quoting, as I do, from memory, and being slightly hampered by other and inferior translations of the same poem, which I have seen more recently, I can give but imperfectly the version I love, as it glows to me through the golden haze of the past:

'MANY a year is in its grave
Since I've crossed this restless wave:
And the evening, bright as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

'Then in this frail boat beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

'One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought:
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

'And in life, when I look back,
On my dim, uncertain track,
Miss I then the comrades true,
Snatched by death from mortal view?

'No! — the links that Friendship twined,
Were of spirit, soul-refined:
Soul-like were those days of yore:
Let us walk in soul once more!

'Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee!
Take! — I give it willingly:
In thy boat, unseen by thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!'

Far more congenial to me is such a mingling of spirits, than any thing as yet propounded by the modern sorcerers. There is a legend, gravely stated by an old French writer, as being of record in the ar-

chives of Brittany, which accords more with their delirium-tremendous doctrines. A gentleman of mark, Tibergeau his patronymic, was travelling in Brittany, accompanied by a friend. One stormy night, they put up at a lonely way-side inn, where, according to the sociable custom of the day, properly eschewed by modern wide-awakes, they were accommodated in a double-bedded room, to which they retired, having first partaken of the refreshments necessary for their revival after a fatiguing journey. They had not slept long, however, when Tibergeau was awakened by a noise in the chamber, and, upon drawing aside the bed-curtains, he beheld, with astonishment, four gorgeously got-up serving-men, setting forth a splendid banquet upon a great table. The side-board was particularly resplendent, being garnished with plate of untold value, including many surprising drinking-vessels of gold. The table was soon covered with all the delicacies of the season; the hottest kind of curries, and all sorts of capsicum peppers, flanked with devilled drum-sticks and kidneys, forming, apparently, the staple of the repast. Tibergeau, tickled with the cheerful exhalation, tried to wake up his friend, but he had to do with one who 'paid attention to his sleeping,' and all his efforts were in vain. Presently came the guests, a goodly company, and seated themselves around the table. Whether from diabolical sympathies or otherwise, they seemed to take very kindly to the be-devilled luxuries, course after course disappearing as fast as the flunkies could serve them up. At last, came the dessert, and then a personage, distinguished above the others by his stature and dignified presence, filled from a slender wine-flask a golden goblet to the brim, and turning toward the bed with easy familiarity, said: 'Tibergeau, old boy! here's to you: you'll pledge me, won't you?' It would be superfluous to state that Tibergeau felt rather shaky at being thus personally addressed by a suspicious character, in a luminous jerkin, and trunk-hose of antiquated cut: but his terror was unspeakably aggravated when one of the attendants approached him with a golden goblet brim-full of wine, and an invitation to pledge the challenger. There was no help for it, however, and so he nodded tremulously at the revellers, and drank; and as the wine was of most rare and excellent vintage, he drained the bumper to the very last drop. A soothing sensation followed upon the draught. Tibergeau slept, and that soundly, for the remainder of the night, and it was broad day-light when he awoke, with a golden goblet clutched convulsively in his right hand, as in a vice. He told the story to his friend, who had been slabbering over him in an imbecile manner ever since day-break, trying to coax the goblet from his grasp. The friend told the landlord, and both landlord and 'friend' went in for 'snacks,' insisting that the goblet in which Tibergeau had pledged the goblin, should now be pledged 'for the good of the house,' and the proceeds properly distributed amongst the three. See how avarice overleaps itself! Tibergeau brought the affair into court, and when the judges had weighed the evidence, they decreed that as the fête had clearly been given in honor of him alone — a fact proved by the circumstance of the visionary revellers having thrown his friend into a state of coma — the golden vessel should be adjudged to him. And so it was; and I have no doubt but that if a strict search were to be instituted

among those named Tibergeau, in the by-ways of Brittany, some such goblet would be found among them, as an heir-loom, with the tinsel gone, probably, and the pinchbeck predominant.

And if any spirit has spirit enough to go into the matter with me, on the broad principle established in the experience of honest old Tibergeau, and to such an extent, that on waking up one of these frosty mornings, I discern upon my table a real, bodily, presentation piece of plate — a cigar-case, for instance, (for I am not proud,) executed in dead silver, of course, and graven with a suitable inscription in black-letter, then shall I be ready to acknowledge the presence among us of real, table-haunting, poll-taxable, actionable ghosts; and then shall I willingly sit at the same table with the dead parishioner of Wortley, and row in the same boat with the Modern Sorcerers.

D A R K N E S S .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DARKNESS creepeth, cold and cheerless,
O'er the vales and mountains high;
But the stars, all bright and tearless,
Look down through it from the sky.

Darkness hangeth o'er to-morrow,
Veiling all the onward way;
Through the coming night of sorrow,
Bright Hope pierceth, and 't is day.

Darkness cometh sad and slowly,
O'er the faces we love best;
Then a radiance, soft and holy,
Falls upon them in their rest.

Darkness, clouds of gloom and sadness,
O'er the present sweepeth fast;
But long-hidden lights of gladness
Flash out brightly in the past.

Darkness hangeth still and breathless,
Round the spirit near its flight;
Soon it passes strong and deathless;
Breaks upon its path the light.

Let me love the darkness breaking
With a calm and holy ray;
All the better spirit waking,
Through it dawns a milder day.

T H E V I S I O N O F T H E N I G H T .

'In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on man,
'Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.
'Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up'

Job.

SPIRIT of dread! whence comest thou,
And what the message thou dost bring?
Why dost thou stoop to hide thy brow,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing?
Speak! for with fear I will not bow,
But ask thee many a thing.

Even as I gaze, a wondrous change
Flits over thy upturned face,
A halo bright, a beauty strange,
Invests thee with an angel's grace.
Thy outstretched arms are full of love;
With faith thy upward gaze is bright;
And from the opening heaven above,
Streams down a flood of golden light
Upon thy standing-place.

I gaze in rapture; but a shade
Falls on thy radiant brow;
And quickly, as thou wert afraid,
I see thee, trembling, bow.
Strange shadows every where arise,
And baleful fires light thine eyes —
I feel thy stifling breath:
Oh, put not on such fearful guise!
Thou art more terrible than Death.

Another change: half bright, half dark —
Now beaming like a radiant star,
Now looming on my shrinking sight,
A shadowy monster of the night —
Now near me — now afar:
It is a well-remembered form,
To which I turn with love and fear;
A comrade through both calm and storm,
Often forgot, yet ever near —
Beside me till I reach the goal:
I cannot part from thee, O SOUL!

Spirit, or whatsoever thou art,
That journeyest with me on my way,
Speak! and, if thou canst, impart
Some knowledge when our course shall stay.
Where shall we stop? — in silent earth,
Insensate as surrounding clay?
Or wilt *thou* have another birth,
And travel on thy road away?
Or must we never part?

A shadow gathers on thy face;
Thy lips in solemn silence close:
But yet thou peer'st, as if in space
A vision slowly rose:
But, if the silent tomb it be,
Or aught beyond — I cannot see.

J. H. A. B.

Cleveland, Ohio.

S K E T C H E S O F T R A V E L .

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

D R Y B U R G H A B B E Y .

THE silver Tweed, the bonnie Tweed, sweeps gracefully around the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. It thus forms a beautiful setting to the old moss and ivy-covered remains which it encircles. But the sparkling waters and the gentle murmur of the Tweed no more delight the eye and charm the ear of the great poet and novelist of Scotland. The magician's wand was broken, and his harp unstrung, and he had laid him down to sleep his last sleep, in a spot which in life he loved so well. This immediate neighborhood was the home of his boyhood; where he recited to his youthful and wondering companions long tales of his own invention, and where it may be supposed there was opened up through the dim vista of future years but a faint outline of his own distinguished career as an author. Crossing the river by the usual ford, and which seemed to give new life to the horse furnished me by my friend near Hundalee, a short circuitous ride brought me to the entrance of the Abbey. I stood over the grave of Sir Walter Scott. The foundation of Dryburgh Abbey was laid more than seven hundred years ago, during the reign of David I., and very shortly after the commencement of the Abbeyes of Kelso and Melrose. The Abbey of Jedburgh, was also enlarged during this reign; so that the fine ruins of Kelso, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, and Melrose, all go back to the reign of the pious David, the first of that name among the Scottish kings. But for centuries, Dryburgh has been in ruins; and large yew trees have grown up, and now cast their dark shade over these remains of an age long gone by. In the mutations of fortune and of time, the Abbey came into the ownership of the Halliburtons, of Mertown, the maternal ancestors of the father of Sir Walter Scott. In 1786, and when Sir Walter was still a lad of fifteen, it was purchased from the Halliburtons, and subsequently came back to the ownership of the Earl of Buchan, to whose ancestors it had belonged more than two centuries ago. It was to this sale by the Halliburtons that Sir Walter afterward feelingly alluded. And thus we have nothing left of Dryburgh, although my father's maternal inheritance, but the right of stretching our bones where mine

may perhaps be laid ere any eye but my own glances over these pages. He died September twenty-first, 1832.

'It was,' says Lockhart, 'a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

On the twenty-sixth of the same month, he was laid beside his wife, in St. Mary's aisle, the most beautiful part of the ruins. There that eldest son, who had closed and kissed his eyes, was afterward laid beside him. There is something beautifully touching in this laying down of friends to rest together. The feeling which prompts it is natural to the human heart. The aged Oneida Indian, who had almost reached his hundred years, finding death approaching, desired to be carried and laid in the grave at the feet of his Christian teacher, who had long preceded him; 'for,' said he, 'I want to go up with him at the great resurrection.'

It was mid-summer when I stood near these graves. A plain marble monument covers them. The summer breeze stirred gently the dark, thick leaves of the overhanging trees. The birds which nestled in the branches seemed to sing in subdued tones. I was alone, and busy memory called up in rapid succession the incidents, the trials, and the triumphs of a life so full of interest. It was not without emotion that I turned away from this 'hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew trees as ancient as itself.'

The touching address of him who slept there, to his own minstrel harp, was on my lips:

'HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight cosp the glow-worm lights her spark;
The deer half seen are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending
And the wild breeze thy wilder minstrelsy.
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending
With distant echo from the fold and lea
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

'Yet once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp!
Yet once again forgive my feeble sway;
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone;
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own.

'Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string;
'Tis now a seraph bold with touch of fire;
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring,
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain-breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell;
And now, 'tis silent all! Enchantress, fare thee well!

T H E S P A N I S H A L A R M - B E L L .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN,

DURING the invasion of Spain by the French armies, in 1808, all classes of people flew to arms at the sounding of the Somaten. The Somatenes are the levy-en masse, which, by an ancient law of Catalonia, are bound to turn out and defend their parishes, whenever the Somaten is heard from the belfries

I.

O'ER terraced slope and woody steep;
O'er cliffs where foamy torrents leap;
On mountain roads, so lone and drear
That only the stout muleteer
May scale their heights or thread their glade,
Or smuggler ply his dangerous trade;
Across the vineyards of Navarre
And Biscay's valleys, wondrous fair,
Where in their chestnut forests green
Their lives pass peaceful and serene;
Far o'er the realm from mount to sea,
Rings out the tocsin of the free!

II.

Murat has deluged Madrid's street
With gory hoof and sanguine feet;
Her stately squares, her humblest lane,
His platoons redden with the slain!

III.

From that grand city peals the spire
Cross-crown'd and glittering like fire;
From each cathedral-dome sublime,
The crashing bells swing out their chime.
Rings out the summons full and bold,
From fortalice and castle old;
From village chapels far away,
Embosomed amid woodlands gay,
Rings out the 'larum, not the peal,
That bids the worshipper to kneel
Where swings the censer, while the priest
Devoutly shares the sacred feast:
No! 'tis a sound more fierce and grand
That swelleth over Spanish land;
And thus in earthquake-tones it calls
To all Castilian huts and halls.

IV.

Arm for the battle! arm for strife;
Arm with the musket and the knife;
Arm, sailor, at the breezy port;
Arm, soldier, in the mountain fort;
Arm, noble, in your gilded room;
Seize casque and weapon, blade and plume;
Vine-dressers, leave the half-pruned vine,
To lavish ruddier drops than wine;
In the brown glebe leave plough and steer;
The harvest of the dead draws near.

v.

Asturian and Gallician boor,
 From fastness of your mountains pour;
 The shepherd of La Mancha's plain,
 From old Castile the jocund swain;
 The Andalusian, soft yet stern,
 Whose veins with Moorish ardor burn;
 Let the Valencian all forget
 His citron grove and castanet;
 Let all, a vengeful multitude,
 Rush to the harvest-field of blood!

vi.

With lusty sinews swing the bell!
 To the invading French a knell!
 Poor Spain deplores, all gashed and gored,
 Her king despoiled of crown and sword;
 Her princes and her nobles spurned,
 Her cities sacked, her villas burned!
 The foe in bivouac pitch their tent
 Beneath Spain's purpled firmament.
 By Ebro's bank and Douro's stream,
 And where the tides of Tagus gleam,
 Their circles of resplendent steel
 Round your beleaguered cities wheel—
 An iron girdle keen and red,
 Ensanguined by your noble dead.

vii.

They smite your gates with scornful blade;
 They storm them in fierce escalade;
 They plant their guns your ramparts near,
 And 'gainst them scaling-ladders rear;
 They breach the strong-holds where of yore
 The gallant Cid beat back the Moor;
 Their siege-trains from each embrasure
 A storm of hurtling missiles pour;
 Fascines and gabions they prepare,
 Their bomb-shells light the midnight air;
 Their caanon, with the iron hail
 With carnage paint each myrtle vale!

viii.

Ring wide the tocsin! tower and rock,
 Till reel your belfries with the shock.
 King JOSEPH, the usurper, comes,
 With prancing pomp and rattling drums;
 But bells that greet him seem to toll
 For ghastly corpse than living soul!

ix.

Ring out the 'larum! for the foe
 At Baylen hath been humbled low;
 Valencia's, Saragossa's wall
 The Frenchman's shattered ranks appal;
 And soon the noble realm of Spain
 Enfranchised shall exult again.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY QUARTER. pp. 264. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS strikes us, on a hasty perusal, as a very excellent and various number of our old established Quarterly. Its articles, which are ten in number, with the usual briefer 'Critical Notices,' are upon the following themes: BUNSEN's 'HIPPLYTUS and his AGE;' WAYLAND's 'Life of Dr. JUDSON;' 'GIRONIERE and the Phillippine Islands;' 'MILL on the Theory of Causation;' 'The Life and Death of LOUIS XVII.;;' 'GROTE's History of Greece;' 'Memoirs of FRANCIS HORNER;' 'A Frontier Missionary and Loyalist;' 'Early French Poetry;' and HAMILTON's 'Memoirs of ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr.' The review of WAYLAND's Life of JUDSON is a very interesting *résumé* of the volumes, and embodies a succinct account of the life and character of that devoted missionary. It is a fact, of which until now we were ignorant, that Dr. JUDSON, previous to his conversion, was attached for a time to a theatrical company. But he entered, very soon after joining a Christian church, upon the high duties of his arduous, self-denying and perilous mission. His labors, his patient waiting for results, his imprisonment, his suffering, and the untiring, holy devotion of his wife, impart to the article, as to the volumes of which it is the subject, a rare although often painful interest. We quote the following tribute from the present Mrs. JUDSON to her predecessor in the affections of her devoted husband:

'SOMETIMES, for weeks together, they had no food but rice, savored with nagapee—a certain preparation of fish, not always palatable to foreigners. But once, when a term of unusual quiet gave her time for the softer and more homely class of loving thoughts, Mrs. JUDSON made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and labored, until, by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains, she actually concocted a mince pie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day; and the dinner was brought by smiling Moung ING, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, although he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford. But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep as, in the sight of the world, they were silent. When his wife had visited him in prison, and borne taunts and insults with and for him, they could be brave together; when she had stood up like an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage jailers, and scarcely less savage nobles, weep; or moved, protected by her own dignity and sublimity of purpose, like a queen along the streets, his heart had throbbed with proud admiration; and he

was almost able to thank God for the trials which had made a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, home-like act, this little, unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles.'

We quote a passage from Dr. Judson's earlier narrative, describing a visit which he paid to the imperial city of Ava, to hold an interview with the emperor. It is exceedingly graphic:

'THE scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moung Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern ANASTASERUS. He came forward unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned toward us:

'Who are these?'

'The teachers, great King,' I replied.

'What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?' 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priest?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?'

'These, and some other similar questions, we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moung ZAH now began to read the petition.

'The emperor heard the petition, and stretched out his hand. Moung ZAH crawled forward and presented it. His Majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time, I gave Moung ZAH an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of His grace. 'O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!' But alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside HIM there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moung ZAH stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes, which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his Majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung ZAH interpreted his Royal Master's will in the following terms: 'Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practice and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his Majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his Majesty has no use for them: take them away.'

'He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his MAKER, his PRESERVER, his JUDGE, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.'

While we had a friend and correspondent at the Phillippine Islands, (now, alas! no more,) we should have been at once attracted to the review of M. GIRONIERE's work; but we left it, with its successor, MILL on 'Causation,' to peruse, with pleasure, the paper on the life and death of LOUIS the Seventeenth, one of the most comprehensive and admirably-written articles in the number. GROTE's 'History of Greece' we have reserved for future perusal; but the 'Memoirs of FRANCIS HORNER,' an interesting and instructive paper, was not

so easily skipped, after being once commenced. The article upon 'Early French Poetry,' we took, from certain internal indications, to be from the fruitful and classic pen of Professor LONGFELLOW. Among the 'Critical Notices,' is an exposure of a gross literary fraud by a London publisher, in the issue of WORCESTER'S Dictionary in London; and an article entitled 'GRINNELL Land,' or 'ALBERT Land,' in which justice is done to the American explorers, and undue credit wrested from the English voyagers. The 'North American' has returned to its usual neat and tasteful typographical appearance.

POEMS AND PARODIES. By PHOEBE CAREY. In one volume: pp. 200. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Washington-street.

THE sisters CAREY, ALICE, the elder, and PHOEBE, the author of the volume before us, have acquired for themselves a reputation which reflects high honor upon the literature of the west, whether they be regarded as poets or prose-writers. 'Clover-nook,' by the former writer, is a work of most decided merit, and its style is simple and unpretending, to a remarkable degree; while many of the poems of the same writer have stamped themselves permanently upon the public mind. Some of them possess a pathos as natural as it is rare and touching; certain of her autumnal pieces, especially, seeming almost to *sob* with feeling. Judging from the few poems by the writer of the present volume, which we had encountered in the public journals, we had been led to conclude that she lacked the intellectual strength of her sister, yet possessed something more of lightness and grace. But there is great depth of feeling manifested in many of the effusions before us, and the rhythm is almost invariably harmonious. We force space for the lines on '*Our Baby*,' which are exceedingly felicitous:

'WHEN the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And out-shaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby,
Strayed from Paradise, it may be,
Came with eyes like heaven above her;
Oh! we could not choose but love her!
Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never needing our reproving,
Ever lovely, ever loving;
Starry eyes and sun-set tresses,
White arms, made for light caresses;
Lips that knew no word of doubting,
Often kissing, never pouting;
Beauty even in completeness,
Over-full in childish sweetness;
That's the way our little baby,
Far too pure for earth, it may be,
Seemed to us, who, while about her,

Deemed we could not do without her.
When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And out-shaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby,
Pining here for heaven, it may be,
Turning from our bitter weeping,
Closed her eyes as when in sleeping,
And her white hands on her bosom
Folded like a Summer-blossom.
Now the litter she doth lie on,
Strewn with roses, bear to Zion;
Go, as past a pleasant meadow
Through the valley of the shadow;
Take her softly, holy angels,
Past the ranks of God's evangelists,
Past the saints and martyrs holy,
To the Earth-born, meek and lowly;
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.'

Some of the parodies are as good in their way as any parodies can be; but this is a style of literature which we very little affect. That upon LONGFELLOW,

which has been very generally quoted, may be considered the best, although the following, from '*Granny's-House*,' is cleverly done :

'COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn ;
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the dinner-horn.
 'Tis the place, and all about it, as of old, the rat and mouse
 Very loudly squeak and nibble, running over Granny's house ;
 Granny's house, with all its cupboards, and its rooms as neat as wax,
 And its chairs of wood unpainted, where the old cats rubbed their backs.
 Many a night from yonder garret-window, ere I went to rest,
 Did I see the cows and horses come in slowly from the west ;
 Many a night I saw the chickens, flying upward through the trees,
 Roosting on the sleety branches, when I thought their feet would freeze ;
 Here about the garden wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
 With the beans, and sweet potatoes, and the melons which were prime ;
 When the pumpkin-vines behind me with their precious fruit reposed,
 When I clung about the pear-tree, for the promise that it closed,
 When I dipt into the dinner far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the pie, and all the dessert that would be.'

Very neat and tasteful in its externals is this little volume of poems ; but then who ever saw a work from the press of its publishers that was *not* neat and tasteful ?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS : or Eight Years on the Stage. By ANNA CORA MOWATT.
 In one volume : pp. 448. Boston : TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

A VERY lively, clever book ; full of matter, 'as an egg of meat,' and written just in that off-hand, frank manner which will be sure to make it a favorite with nearly all classes of readers. It is full of variety, too, and of information concerning 'behind-the-scenes' of a public stage, for which all who visit the theatres, from the oldest to the youngest, have an ardent *penchant*. The early longing for the stage ; the struggles of a *débutante* ; the horrors of 'stage-fright ;' the triumph, the success — all these are well depicted ; nor are the *désagremens* of the dramatic career slurred over, or kept out of sight. Commending the work to a wide and generous acceptance, we select the only one of many pencilled passages for which we can find space. It describes the writer's *début* at the Park Theatre, as PAULINE, in 'The Lady of Lyons :

'I was just dressed when there came a slight tap upon the door, accompanied by the words :

'PAULINE, you are called.'

'I opened the door. The call-boy stood without — the inseparable long strip of paper between his fingers. I inquired whom he wanted.

'You, ma'am ; you are called.'

'What a singular piece of familiarity !' I thought to myself. 'It is I whom he is addressing as PAULINE.' I did not suspect that it was customary to call the performers by the names of the characters assumed.

'Called for what ?' I inquired, in a manner that was intended to impress the daring offender with a sense of the respect due to me.

'For *what* ?' he retorted, prolonging the *what* with an indescribably humorous emphasis, and thrusting his tongue against his cheek, 'why, for the stage, to be sure ! That's the *what* !'

'Oh !' was all I could say ; and the little urchin ran down stairs smothering his laughter. Its echo, however, reached me from the green-room, where, after making his 'call,' he had probably related my unsophisticated inquiry.

'At that moment, Mr. Mowatt came to conduct me to the stage. Mrs. VERNON, who played my mother, was already seated at a small table in Madame DESCHAPELLES' drawing-room. I took my place on a sofa opposite to her, holding in my hand a magnificent bouquet, CLAUDE's supposed offering to PAULINE.

'After a few whispered words of encouragement, Mr. MOWATT left me, to witness the performance from the front of the house. Some body spread my PAULINE scarf on the chair beside me. Some body else arranged the folds of my train symmetrically. Some body's fingers gathered into their place a few stray curls. The stage-manager gave the order of 'Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen;' and I heard sound the little bell for the raising of the curtain.

'Until that moment, I do not think a pulse in my frame had quickened its beating. But then I was seized with a stifling sensation, as though I were choking. I could only gasp out, 'Not yet — I cannot!'

'Of course, there was general confusion. Managers, actors, prompter, all rushed on the stage; some offered water, some scent-bottles, some fanned me. Every body seemed prepared to witness a fainting-fit, or an attack of hysterics, or some thing equally ridiculous. I was arguing with myself against the absurdity of this ungovernable emotion; this humiliating exhibition; and making a desperate endeavor to regain my self-possession, when Mr. SKERRETT thrust his comic face over some body's shoulder. He looked at me with an expression of quizzical exultation, and exclaimed:

'Did n't I tell you so? Where's all the courage, eh?'

'The words recalled my boast of the morning; or rather, they recalled the recollections upon which that boast was founded. My composure returned as rapidly as it had departed. I laughed at my own weakness.

'Are you getting better?' kindly inquired the stage-manager.

'Let the curtain rise!' was the satisfactory answer.

'Mr. BARRY clapped his hands — a signal for the stage to be vacated — the crowd at once disappeared. Madame DESCHAPELLES and PAULINE sat alone, as before. The tinkling bell of warning rang, and the curtain slowly ascended, disclosing first the foot-lights, then the ocean of heads beyond them in the pit, then the brilliant array of ladies in the boxes, tier after tier, and finally the thronged galleries. I found those foot-lights an invaluable aid to the necessary illusion. They formed a dazzling barrier, that separated the spectator from the ideal world in which the actor dwelt. Their glare prevented the eye from being distracted by objects without the precincts of that luminous semi-circle. They were a friendly protection, a warm comfort, an idealizing auxiliary.

'The *débutante* was greeted warmly. This was but a matter-of-course compliment paid by a New-York audience to the daughter of a well-known citizen.

'Bow! bow!' whispered a voice from behind the scenes. And I obediently bent my head.

'Bow to your right!' said the voice between the intervals of applause. I bowed to the right.

'Bow to the left!' I bowed to the left.

'Bow again!' I bowed again and again while the noisy welcome lasted.

'The play commenced, and, with the first words I uttered, I concentrated my thoughts, and tried to forget that I had any existence save that of the scornful Lady of Lyons. When we arose from our seats and approached the foot-lights, Mrs. VERNON gave my hand a reassuring pressure. It was a kindness scarcely needed. I had lost all sensation of alarm. The play progressed as smoothly as it commenced. In the third act, where PAULINE first discovers the treachery of CLAUDE, the powers of the actress begin to be tested. Every point told, and was rewarded with an inspiring burst of applause. The audience had determined to blow into a flame the faintest spark of merit.

'In the fourth act, I became greatly exhausted with the unusual excitement and exertion. There seemed a probability that I would not have physical strength enough to enable me to finish the performance. Mrs. VERNON has often laughingly reminded me how she shook and pinched me when I was lying, to all appearance, tenderly clasped in her arms. She maintains that, by these means, she constantly roused me to consciousness. I am her debtor for the friendly pinches and opportune shakes.

'In the fifth act, PAULINE's emotions are all of calm and abject grief — the faint, hopeless strugglings of a broken heart. My very weariness aided the personation. The pallor of excessive fatigue, the worn-out look, tottering walk, and feeble voice, suited PAULINE's deep despair. The audience attributed to an actor's consummate skill that which was merely a painful and accidental reality.

'The play ended; the curtain fell. It would be impossible to describe my sensations of relief as I watched that welcome screen of coarse, green baize slowly unrolling itself, and dropping between the audience and stage. Then came the call before the curtain — the crossing the stage in front of the foot-lights. Mr. C — led me out. The whole house rose, even the ladies — a compliment seldom paid. I think it *rained* flowers; for bouquets, wreaths of silver, and wreaths of laurel fell in showers around us. Cheer followed cheer as they were gathered up and laid in my arms. The hats of the gentlemen and handkerchiefs of ladies waved on every side. I courted my thanks, and the welcome green curtain once more shut out the brilliant assemblage. Then came the deeper, truer sense of thankfulness. The trial was over; the *débutante* had stood the test; she had not mistaken the career which had been clearly pointed out as the one for which she was destined.'

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the description of the actress' career in Great Britain; but of this 'cannot we now report.' The book is very neatly executed, and is really 'embellished' with a handsome picture of the handsome author.

PASSION-FLOWERS. In one volume, twelve-mo: pp. 157. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

SOON after reading, in the columns of the *'Tribune,'* the elaborate and eulogistic notice of this work, by the very able literary critic of that journal, we received the volume itself from the publishers, and have read it through; and we are prepared to repeat and endorse the high praise awarded to the work. Although not the wont of this Magazine, we shall in the present instance content ourselves with saying 'ditto to Mr. BURKE,' lamenting only, that the close connection kept up by the gifted author, in her highest efforts, prevents any other than extended extracts, for which we have no room: 'We meet in this volume with no expressions of morbid, BYRONIC grief, assumed for the sake of poetical effect; the stamp of 'sad sincerity' is impressed on every line; nothing but the profound experience of a rarely-endowed nature could give such an air of reality to such impassioned wails of suffering — which, it is easy to perceive, are uttered less from any premeditated artistic design, than from the spontaneous necessity of self-revelation. All the various moods, indeed, that are embodied in these poems, whether more or less grave — for none are gladsome — show the flowering forth of a spiritual history too passionate and intense for concealment, and for which no fitting medium can be found but the most energetic language of verse. The work abounds in no specimens of dainty fancies, highly-wrought, artificial embellishments, or even smooth and facile versification. The writer seems too utterly in earnest to waste a thought on fine, elaborate finish. Often the diction is harsh and abrupt — sometimes discordant — almost always, bare as a granite rock. Occupied with the gigantic realities of thought and suffering, the poet has no heart for weaving tuneful melodies, and even abstains from the use of the natural ornaments of verse, to a degree that has scarcely a parallel among modern writers. The cheerful play of fancy is overshadowed by the luxuriant growths of a sombre and terrible imagination. Of little account for the purposes of this volume are all the sweet influences of nature: the joyous sun-shine of the outward world cannot attract the writer from the contemplation of the secret 'chambers of imagery,' where are recorded the woes of a bitter and desperate experience of life. In this absence of objective light and warmth, the language of the volume has a stern vigor, which betokens an intellect of masculine self-concentration and force. Were it not for frequent passages which claim to reveal a feminine history, we should not have suspected these poems to be the production of a woman. They form an entirely unique class in the whole range of female literature.'

'THE life-philosophy which these poems set forth, in a great variety of applications, is the stoical wisdom of renunciation. Never was the discrepancy between the infinite longings of the soul and the scanty resources of nature illustrated in such 'mournful numbers.' 'Hope nothing from life,' is the melancholy lesson which our Sibyl proclaims perpetually, in an almost DANTEAN austerity of phrase. . . . Blended with the key-note of sorrow and self-sacrifice, there are occasional strains of divine tender-

ness, and, at infrequent intervals, the pensive melody of the poetess is diversified with the ringing sounds of audacious satire. Woe to the victims who are made to writhe under the trenchant sarcasm of her fiery rebuke! Several of the most elaborate pieces are suggested by the recollections of Rome. While the sad contradictions of the Eternal City touch the writer with profound sympathy, she gathered refreshment and strength from its motherly influence, which she does not fail to commemorate in her most pleasing verses. The piece entitled 'Wherefore,' on the fate of Kossuth, is marked by great originality of conception, and an energy of expression almost terrible. 'Whit-Sunday in the Church,' with a reminiscence of EMERSON'S 'Problem,' is an impassioned outcry for the restoration of primitive Christianity. 'Mind *versus* Mill-stream' is a parable, which gives its own explanation, without the moral, that might as well have been left to the intuition of the reader. A daring flight is attempted in 'Thoughts at the Grave of ELOISE and ABELARD,' aiming at the passionate significance of the great domestic tragedy of the Middle Age. In the 'Tribute to a Faithful Servant,' a gush of natural feeling gives an exquisite pathos to the whole composition. But we must not stop to particularize among these poems, each of which has the marks of unmistakable genuineness—a product wrung with tears and prayer from the deepest soul of the writer. Scarce a volume can be named so free from imitativeness, showing so little of the influence of other minds, so wholly an original revelation of a peculiar and most suggestive experience. Whatever its merits or defects, they are wholly the author's own. We do not anticipate its sudden accession to a wide popularity. It is too intense, too subjective, too profoundly earnest and sad, to win the applause of the multitude. But no amateur of human passion will hesitate to recognize in it the workings of a great and noble soul, whose self-truthfulness gives a fresh glory to rare gifts.

HISTORY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Three volumes in One. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY, Park-Place.

THIS work, by the man of all others in the United States the best qualified to write it, is here continued down to 1853, from the author's own manuscripts, and other authentic sources. The first edition of the Naval History appeared in 1839, in two octavo volumes, which were immediately republished in London, Paris, and Brussels. Beside the subsequent reprints here of this edition, an abridgment was prepared by the author in 1841, omitting the documents, and more elaborate reasoning. In 1846, he revised the unabridged work, correcting, condensing, re-writing in part, and adding considerable new matter. This copy, embracing the history to 1815, with all his latest emendations, is the one followed in the edition before us. That it is an entirely reliable, honest history, there can be no doubt. The author observes in his preface, that 'it would be much easier to write a book on the subject of the navy, that should meet the longings of national vanity, than to write one which shall meet the requirements of truth. Exaggerations,' he adds, 'whether of fact or manner, have been regarded as out of place in the history. The navy of this country does not stand in need of such assistants, to command the esteem or the admiration of the world. From the hour when it was first called into existence, during the arduous struggles of a most important revolution, down to the present moment, its services have been material and brilliant; and he is but an equivocal friend, who shall attempt to conceal its real exploits behind the veil of flattery. Such expedients may serve a purpose, and answer for a time; but in the end, truth will be certain to assert and to recover its ascendancy. The history is embellished with good portraits of our prominent naval commanders, including that of PAUL JONES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Down the River, January, 1853.

'EIGHTEEN hundred and fifty-four, I should say. It is hard to bid farewell to our old friend, the departed year, though we have lately welcomed his successor with the ringing of bells, and the customary congratulations and merriment. After the constant signature of his number in so many letters and documents, for three hundred and odd days, the force of habit still induces us to evoke his ghost out of the 'vasty deep' of time gone by. The change of seasons, if pleasantly passed, is at first with difficulty reconciled; and so it is with change of place. We are like cats in strange garrets at every melancholy remove. So, I find, since, in writing to my familiar friends, I am forced to date my letters, '*Down the River.*' I am so rustic in my manners, and so accustomed to the sight of fields and meadows, the river, and the high mountains, and to talk of corn, hay, oats, cows and horses, pigs and chickens, that the contrast is somewhat violent from the natural to the artificial, and from the substantial to that which seems like a pantomime or passing show. Perhaps, it might be added, from lights and shadows sweetly blended, to the mingling of a garish splendor with the dark phases of wretchedness. Both the eye and ear recognize a very strange dissimilitude. With what different tokens, for instance, is the day ushered in, to those who dwell in the precincts of a crowded city. When you open your eyes after the first slumber, and, like an abandoned slug-gard, roll heavily over to snooze again, instead of the clear, shrill crowing of the chanticleer, which is full of cheerfulness, and that soothing murmur which is like a humming-top asleep, you hear the clattering sounds of hoofs upon a pavement, the thumping of carts, and the guttural scream of the milk-man at the door. This is the way that the day breaks, and in a little time commences an unceasing roar, like the surf in a storm. And what else is there, to remind the rude rustic like myself of that which is natural, or smacks of the country? You see the very skies in patches, as one who looks from the bottom of a deep well; over the streets, streets, and over the lanes, lanes, and over the parks, parks — but on every hand, limiting, though illimitable, walls. It is very true, that in the well-stored markets there is great display of plump vegetables; but the turnips have been washed white beneath a dashing jet of the Croton, and

the mould which clung to their fibres has been removed. So you will observe pampered hyacinths and stock-jellies looking out of the polished windows on the crowds, and the crowds gazing back, with a wistful eye, on the hyacinths and stock-jellies. So, there are 'bouquet-men' without number, whose baskets of green turf, arranged somewhat stiffly in concentric circle with camelia-japonicas, in all their cold and waxen purity, are set down on the tessellated pavements of vestibules. And now and then you will catch the fragrance of a tuft of blue violets, raised under glass, whose probable fate will remind you of those celebrated by GIFFORD, which ventured to peep abroad upon a chill May-day:

'SWEET flowers! that from your early beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold AQUARIUS' watery skies:

'Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Suit not the genial brood of May!
Yon sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray!

'A few other tokens bring back a reminiscence of rural things. You will be jostled, and perhaps lifted from your legs, by pigs in the avenues, who roam abroad in defiance of municipal regulations, suffering from cold, and hunger, and privation, one destitute of a tail, and another of an ear, the sport of dogs; or, on some high fragment of out-jutting wall, over which the conflagration has passed, the solemn goat looks down upon the ruins, fancying that his hoof is on his native cliffs. No doubt, it is a luxury to find a climbing-spot like this, when wearied out in chasing the tormenting school-boys, who fling their satchels against his head, while he is quietly standing beneath a cart or wagon. The sleek and well-groomed horses who draw the carriages of the wealthy, and the pet dogs who sometimes take an airing within, are the only animals which fare well in the city.

'On Sunday, after morning-service, I walked round the square, and went to dine with that respectable old fogey whom I mentioned in my last letter. The day was snapping-cold; and, as we entered into the old-fashioned room, and saw the fire so cheerful in the grate, and the hearth swept, and the snow-white cloth laid upon the table, and the great arm-chairs waiting to be occupied before the blaze, and the very faces of those sober portraits on the wall beaming with a quiet satisfaction, and heard the clock tick in the corner, a tranquil feeling stole over me while becoming gradually warm, well suited to the day of rest. Leaning silently on the mantel-piece, and looking down into an open crater which had just been produced by driving the point of the poker into a mass of Liverpool coal, out of which a volcanic flame spouted, I could not help thinking what sufferings were endured by others at that very moment. Alas! how many are at their Christmas-dinners, where the table groans with plenteousness, and no element of happiness or hilarity seems wanting, while ships labor in a trough of the sea, and hundreds of brave souls go down in the billows. No doubt, those cast in the very crisis of their peril and agony, think of the secure roof and snug fire-side. On the other hand, no enjoyment is partaken worthily which does not suggest at least a silent prayer and aspiration for those who need succor.

'I will call this respectable merchant Mr. PEMBERTON. He is an admirable

piece of clock-work, set about seventy years ago, and, with slight repairs, has kept time with the utmost accuracy ever since, regulating the movements of the whole house, and, thank God! keeps a-going still. All who look in his face, get the time of day; and that is more than you can say of every time-piece. There is nothing false about him; he is true as any chronometer which was ever made, and his *works*, if you could examine them, would speak for themselves; as they are admirable, though kept out of view. To drop all figures, he is what I have already represented him, a hale, hearty, healthful specimen of a methodic New-York merchant. He has never been in the Common Council, nor filled any public office, although a better man could not be found. He prefers the dignity of private life; but, rain or shine, he will be seen walking to the polls upon election-day, straight as a post, jostling his way through the crowd, and, with a firm hand, and resolution on his countenance, depositing a vote never challenged, for the right men. It is only within a few years, since the city has become degenerate, and profligacy abounds, and the young have forgotten the respect due to their betters, and plunged into vice, that such a one is called, in the slang of a vulgar vocabulary, an *old foggy*.

'After the exceedingly fat turkey served up on that occasion had been carved, and a sufficient time allowed for the cravings of a decorous appetite, I entered into a conversation with Mr. PEMBERTON to see whether he had any appreciation of rural affairs. One end which I had in view was to test the force of habit, and to see whether he could be jostled from an affection which had been steadily forming for so many years. 'Mr. PEMBERTON,' I said, 'this city cannot be so pleasant for a residence as it was twenty years ago.'

'Infinitely more so,' he replied, in a mild tone which assuaged the contradiction. 'It is in all respects better provided with the means of improvement, and the facilities of living. It is not the same place. It is the work of magic.'

'Undoubtedly. It has become a queen city. You have more commerce, finer ships, more splendid buildings, more convenient tenements, better public schools and systems of education, more luxuries and appliances; but I mean to say that the noise and confusion of it has become so great that it seems not so suitable to a quiet family.'

'That is because your ears have not become accustomed to it. It is all habit—all habit. Let me help you to another piece of the fowl. I have lived in this house fifty years, and have never been disturbed. It is true, there is bustle, life, activity. One likes to see them; one never gets too old to enjoy them.'

'But it strikes me that it is an unsuitable place to bring up a family, because extravagance is on the increase, and manners have become corrupted.'

'Excuse me,' said Mr. PEMBERTON, 'but I find human nature to be the same here to-day as it was yesterday, or when I first came here. Not the least difference. There are more people, and of course more vice. At the same time there is more enterprise in like proportion, more integrity. I have lost a good many of my old friends, but honor is not dead. Pass the wine, Sir.'

'But,' said I, trying to approach him in a spot which I thought would be pregnable, 'You must admit that there was a class of plain and substantial livers in days gone by which has almost become extinct. All are affected by the prevailing passion for gilding and empty show.'

'Are you not mistaken, my dear friend?' he replied in a very assuaging manner. 'There are as many as ever who disregard these things; but you don't see them because they keep out of view. Look at me. What you see in this house was here fifty years ago, and we are satisfied.'

'You, Sir, are a remarkable instance.'

'There is nothing remarkable about me. I should be sorry if there were. If I have integrity, it would be lamentable if I stood alone in that. If I am a plain man, there are still plenty of plain men. Fill your glass.'

'You are an old fogy,' said I—to myself—obeying his invitation, and bowing my head to him. The fact was, that the city itself was an ancient friend of Mr. PEMBERTON, and he would not hear a word said in its disparagement. His opinion in this respect was impregnable, but as he did not defend it with dogmatism, I left the fort in his possession.

'Mr. PEMBERTON,' said I, 'when were you last at Rockaway?'

'Forty years ago,' he replied, 'it will be on the tenth of next July.'

'The fact is, that you could not mention the country to him without suggesting the idea of fever-and-ague, which was in his eyes more to be dreaded than cholera, yellow-fever, or the plague. For any one of these visitations he would never think of budging from the city, but he would not go beyond the suburbs; for green fields did not suggest to him the idea of flowing milk and fresh butter, but the pale and chattering form of this impersonation of evil. He once got it in his early youth by a residence at Hungry Harbor, and nothing ever so excited his animosity or got the mastery of his habits. If he had made up his mind to see no one in business hours except on business, this uninvited guest, in spite of all, would be on hand, and shake him by the shoulders. If he had made an appointment at the bank at such a time, the chills intercepted him in his walk, and compelled him to be absent from his post. He had a summary way of getting rid of those whose company was not desired, but this guest baffled him, and hung upon his skirts for years. Hence, when he emerged again into robust health he never forgot or forgave, and to this day he knows nothing of Fort Hamilton, Staten Island, Long Island, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, Manhattanville, Yonkers, and Dobbs' Ferry, but he will shrug his shoulders at the very mention with a doleful reminiscence of the fever-and-ague. To him the sea-shore did not suggest coolness, nor the mountain fresh air, but as one who looks at jelly shakes, he shuddered all over, and again recurred to the fever-and-ague. It was in vain then that I pictured to him the charming fields which shelve away to the shores of the Long Island Sound, the rich lands of Dutchess County, and the banks of Hudson River; in vain essayed to place in an agreeable light the advantages of a retirement in the evening of one's days, the delights of farming, the cultivation of crops, the rearing of poultry, and to represent the murmuring of rills, the bleating of sheep, the humming of bees, and the lowing of cattle: he was fascinated rather with the haunts of business, and with the sweet security of streets. Like JOHNSON, who was contented with his one visit to the Hebrides, and his transient journeying to the frog-eaters, and after that returned to his old haunts for the rest of his life, so did the citizen of Gotham store up in remembrance his tour to Hungry Harbor, and only went with his family for a week or two, as I have remarked, each year during the disagreeable dog-days to drink of chalybeate-waters.

‘‘ Mr. PEMBERTON,’ I said, ‘ you should go to Fishkill on the North River.’

‘‘ I passed through the place,’ he replied, ‘ thirty years ago while travelling on the post-road to Albany. I have forgotten how it looked.’

‘ Such are a few of the words which passed at the entertainment which I have thought worthy to record in further illustration of a character already slightly sketched — a genuine New-Yorker. Would that this class of men were so large as Mr. PEMBERTON, in his abundant charity and love for his native city, was disposed to make it. But in spite of his assertion to the contrary, I am disposed to think that it is somewhat dwindled from the days of PETER STUYVESANT, and that secure and honest principles of doing business have been transgressed by the reign of extravagance, by the unexampled growth of the country, and by the eager anxiety, and, alas! too abundant facility of becoming suddenly rich. Mr. PEMBERTON has two sons, who have inherited their father’s virtues; — the same vigorous sense, the same unpretending, gentle manners, the same healthful and uncorrupted feelings, and to whom he will transmit the good name of a commercial house which for a century has not been tarnished.

‘ As the shades of evening descended fast, and large flakes of snow were now falling, I ventured to see whether my credit was good for the loan of an umbrella.

‘ ‘ Certainly,’ said my friend, ‘ with much pleasure. Here is one of silk which I permit nobody to use but myself. I bought it in 1810 of Mr. BARTRAM who kept a store in Nassau-street. Take any one out of this bundle.’

‘ Selecting the shabbiest and most weather-beaten of them all, as I had a treacherous memory, I tied my tippet around my neck, and shook hands, accepting an invitation to dine on the following Sunday with this old fogey.’

ORATORY ‘FOR THE REDEMPTION OF CREDIT.’ — It is now nearly thirty-five years since a man, ‘ in convention convened,’ at Ithaca, in the county of TOMPKINS, in this State, arose and addressed the Chair as follows. His theme was, ‘ *The Injustice of Sales by Execution for the Redemption of Credit*,’ and his effusion was ‘ printed for the benefit of the author ’:

‘ I WOULD rise to introduce a few observations, in relation to my own views of the all-important circumstances of community, productive of the honorable convention which it is my duty to address. A view of the relation in which I stand to community, a sense of duty to myself, to my country, and to posterity, in connection with the alarming circumstances of community, and the primary causes thereof, are calculated to excite emotions of regret, that my faculties and utterance bear no proportion to the superior magnitude of statistical considerations, productive of our convention. The magnitude of the object will irresistibly excite additional alacrity in the exertions of every friend to humanity; for the unanimity of the people, in their vigilance or lethargy, must ultimately decide the fate of posterity. And, although many of us are rapidly approaching the tomb with accelerated velocity, with every diurnal rotation; yet our coalition with the existing formality of political measures, is eminently calculated to afford a suspicion, that we shall still survive the liberties of our country: for it is sufficiently evident that, without a united exertion to arrest the progress of seduction as a climacteric weapon in the hands of tyrants, the manacles of despotism will be, ere long, riveted, never more to be shaken off by the people; and we, the descendants of our revolutionary fathers of liberty, may still live to solemnize the funeral dirge of our country’s boast, and to weep over the bust of departed greatness, which we are no longer worthy to emulate.’ . . . ‘ May the shouts of celestial millions, from chariots of heavenly liberty, sound the tocsin of alarm for the fate of our palladium of safety, in the ears of a slumbering nation; and arrest the opiate wand from the maleficent demon of seduction, with which the ponderous eye-lids of a slumbering nation have

been artfully touched; till an ecumenical resuscitation, like a resurrection from the dead, shall assemble in convention every town and county in the State, to assert their rights, and disavow the impositions of an unhallowed despotism, preying upon the vitals of heavenly donations, through the magnanimous virtues of our revolutionary fathers of liberty!

The orator goes on to say, that if his 'utterance could quadrate in majesty with the sublimity of his conceptions, his voice should echo upon every slumbering soul, like the majestic thunder of the last trump: and, with the velocity of lightning, an ecumenical resuscitation should pervade our remotest shores!' 'Style,' we think, has changed for the better 'in community' since the year of grace 1819!

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — From a most pleasant gossiping letter, from a distinguished legal friend in Vermont, we venture to segregate the following entertaining passages:

'I HAVE just returned from a visit to Westminster, one of the oldest towns in the State. In fact, it was chartered by Massachusetts earlier than the date of any existing charter in the State, being 1732, while it was supposed to fall within the limits of that colony. But the orders in council having determined otherwise, the town was re-chartered by Governor WENTWORTH, of New-Hampshire, and is now held under that charter. The town was allotted and settled long before the Revolution, and was the seat of the colonial courts as early as 1772, the ruins of the court-house still being visible. There was a considerable population residing there as early as 1770, when their first Puritan place of worship was erected, which is still standing in most perfect preservation, although worship has been discontinued within its hallowed walls for long years, by reason of the dissensions incident to all such associations not confined by any superior or outward pressure.

'It was sad to pace its solemn aisles, and witness its venerable pulpit, and huge sounding-board, depending upon nothing, and so imminent upon the speaker's head as almost to peril his safety; all quiet and perfect, as only left the last Sunday. But left for ever! In the church-yard, or burial-ground, at a short remove from this venerable structure, repose the dead of a century. Whigs and Tories, Church-men and Puritans, Round-heads and Cavaliers, English naval-officers, rebels and refugees, side by side in that quiet sleep which knows no waking, till the final morning of the general resurrection. There reposes, in his solitary family-vault, the body of the Honorable STEPHEN ROE BRADLEY, the first Senator from Vermont, and one of the first, if not the very first, who held the office of President *pro tem.* of the United States Senate. He is acknowledged, by all who have seen him, to have been a man of a most commanding personal presence. He was, too, a man of great adroitness and energy in controlling the public sentiment of the sparse settlements in what was called 'New-Hampshire Grants,' during the Revolution, and what is now the State of Vermont. He was the author of numerous pamphlets, which in their day did great service to the popular cause.

'He was a man of imposing dignity of manners, and some formality. A characteristic anecdote is told of him and General EXOS, who were not always upon the most respectful terms toward each other. At the time of General BRADLEY's first election to the United States Senate, the forms of precedents had not become very much settled. The file commonly afforded no precedent, and one must be forged for the occasion. After General BRADLEY's election was declared, Governor CHITTENDEN, who was a plain man, appealed to the General as to the proper form in which to certify his credentials. The new incumbent very readily replied, that 'The sovereign and independent State of Vermont, by the grace of God, made choice of STEPHEN ROE BRADLEY to represent them,' etc. The Governor, not being aware of any want of cordiality of General EXOS

in regard to the election of the General, appealed to General ENOS, who was present, as to the propriety of the form of credential suggested by General BRADLEY. General ENOS very promptly replied, that he could suggest no other emendation, except to erase 'By the grace of God,' and insert, 'Without the fear of God, and being moved and seduced by the instigation of the DEVIL!' The amendment was not adopted, I believe. General BRADLEY represented the State in the United States Senate for a long time with signal ability, and great credit to himself and the State.

'A son of General BRADLEY, the Honorable WILLIAM C. BRADLEY, LL.D., now occupies the family mansion, and the paternal office where the distinguished JERRY MASON, of New-Hampshire and Boston, spent the term of his novitiate. Mr. WILLIAM C. BRADLEY is a gentleman of eminent learning and most princely hospitality. He was born in 1789, that year so abundant in eminent men, from which WEBSTER, and VAN BUREN, and CASS, and BENTON, and a host of others, date. He entered Congress in 1814, when Mr. WEBSTER first entered, and although of different politics, they were intimate through life.

'Mr. WEBSTER, but a few months before his death, said to one of his friends, who was going to Vermont, that he hoped he would call upon Mr. BRADLEY, as he esteemed him the most discerning, the soundest-minded man in the State. Those who know Mr. BRADLEY would perhaps very generally subscribe to the opinion. But he has always sought exemption from public office, except three terms in Congress, and confined himself strictly to his profession. But then he is a giant; one of the descendants of the giant-race of men who laid the foundations of the Government. He inherits all his father's strength, and has super-added vast stores of learning. His library is itself a wonder for one in his retired position. It has thousands of volumes of the choicest and rarest books in all the departments of science and learning; in the ancient classics; in the modern languages of Europe; in theology, from EUSEBIUS's history to the Eclipse of Faith; in medicine and in the law, his collection embraces almost all the English reports from the Year-Books to the present day. His memory itself is a treasure-house of learning and wisdom from all ages and all countries. It is painful to converse with such an one, and to reflect how soon such vast lights shall go out, in the silence of the grave. Man dieth, but the awful purposes of God still advance. I had intended, a long time ago, to treasure up some of Mr. B——'s choice remembrances of the early members of the profession in the State; but I have no time to detail them here, and must conclude by giving a brief note of the death of FRENCH, the first victim of the Revolution in Vermont.

'WILLIAM FRENCH was shot at Westminster on the thirteenth day of March, 1775. He was one of a party of the adherents to the Continental Congress who had taken possession of the court-house with the professed purpose of hindering the colonial court from proceeding with its business on the next day. Being ordered to disperse in the course of the afternoon, and not obeying the sheriff's proclamation, a party of the Tories, in the course of the night, fired upon them, and killed FRENCH, and wounded many others. The adherents to the cause of Congress, immediately after his burial, caused a rude stone, of talcose slate, to be erected at the head of his grave, with a very marked and original inscription upon it, which is still legible. It is as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:

'IN Memory of WILLIAM FRENCH
Son to Mr. NATHANIEL FRENCH, Who
Was shot at Westminster March ye 13th
1775, by the hands of Cruel Ministerial
Tools of GEORGE ye 3d in the Corthouse at
a 11 a clock at Night in the 22d year of
his Age.

'Here WILLIAM FRENCH, his Body lies,
For Murder his blood for Vengance Cries:
King GEORGE the Third his Tory Crew
Tha with a bawl his head shot threw
For Liberty and his Countrys Good
he Lost his Life his Dearest blood'

'Here is a Spartan spirit, and almost a Scandinavian rudeness of letters.'

'MR. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.,' has sent us a 'Noad' to the Comet, in blank-verse, a deviation from the shackles of poetical rule, which marks the man of 'genus.' But the thought, the *thought*, is the thing. Observe the variety and 'reach' of the poet's fancy :

A Noad to the Comet.

NOTE INTO THE SUMER BY MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.

'Al hale grate loominarry — twicet al hale!
 Grand fizzle vizziter, your welcome.
 In regions ov spais whair al is silens
 & their 4 no gnois is herd it is difficult
 To traivel & no walk up sumthink:
 But the grate Comeck (meaning you ov coars)
 Hes dun it so fast moar than 50 yerces
 To the satisfacksum ov all pressent.
 With untyrink pirsreverens se him sale
 Onto a rowt as no 1 ever thout of goin.
 When hese frose the har al of ov his hed
 & by loosink so meny milds ov tale
 That he cant tel wether hese goin forids or bacards
 Then he shutes down to the son for to warm up
 & put on a litle bam of Columby or warpean.
 Setch hard werk it is for him wuns to stop
 That he hes lost the nac threw want ov practis.
 O Comeck! goin round & round the son,
 Why not sum time or uther wynd him up,
 & taiking the rains ov guvermeant into your teth
 up & giv the soaler cistim a nairing.
 Cum blo your wissel, the planits is on a train;
 Emigrans into the frunt — ov collusion no dainger
 Gupitter 'll do fur a balens-wele
 Satern ull ring wen thays sumthink ahed
 Mars fite al irishmen as wont pay the fair
 & venous so swete ile ride with her miself.
 (wat a nidee now fur a singul man!)
 Wele noatify the smal starz onto the rowt
 To bewair of the Comeck wen the bel rings.
 Wele saw up the milky weigh fur fir-woad
 & use the orory Boryals fur a signle lite
 Witch wood caws a stonistmeant to spring from the i.
 Bat act your Plesure — we doant want to dictate
 onli we shoold be hapy to cum the perpoased arangement.

'Miss Terious Comeck! wens do you shuit?
 Wate wos you wen you 1st thout ov flyink?
 Wat put it into your hed to cum this wa,
 Sirprysink ov the naityvs? — is the stait
 ov your fynancys setch that you cant suport moar tale —
 Then thinc wot a nauther sufers as cant suport eny.

O Comeck praps its loansum traivelink so
 But you doant no the mizzery of a feelink hart:
 Youm al hed and tail, so ov coars cant fele.
 i sumtimes wish i hadent no boddie two
 fur then i mite be hapy — but x kews
 Mi pirsonle narativ — i cant always Banish
 The thout ov Wo.

o mity loominarey!
 Immens Miss terry! sa now wos it troe
 You had sum thoughts ov soink up the Erth?
 You ant noomerus enuf fur that perseding —
 o Know Mr. Comeck, youm two smal.
 You mite hac of a mountin or too praps
 By snubink your tale onto a pirry mid
 But the Moril part of Community

Woodent se eny libirtys tooc with muther Erth —
 o know Mr. Comeck as was sed be 4.
 1st egsirsize, & git sum mete onto your ribs
 & like SAMSON let your har gro long.
 We no your talent into the saling line
 We acnollig youm sum onto fire-werks:
 But doant be foolish becaus you no how.
 You cant serkumnavoy grait Erth like you doe the son
 Without giting ov your horns noct of.
 The son is indullgent & not a tal snapish
 & hes so mutch biznes atendink to al the planits
 That giving ov fits to Comecks is soopirfloous.
 But its a litle diferent hear. so bewair
 & taik the folowink advice frum a frend:
 We shal alwais be very glad to se you
 Wen acting ov your part into the grate serus
 & not giting out ov the ring & throing dert.
 But the idee ov fiting on sitch a scail
 We cawl perpostrious into the egstream —
 After al i doant thinc your intenshuns wos cereus:
 The grate Comeck is two magnannymus
 To hav setch a nidee. i hoap your felinks
 Hessent ben hirt; if so ples 2 taik notis
 Your admyrer is rash almoast to cankir
 & lashed hisself cuickly intwo angry waivs
 Wen he was be 4 cuite cam and slepy like.
 & al fur nothink, as we air hapy to se.
 So be not likewais rash Miss Terious Comeck,
 But folow into the trac ov your ilustris predisers.
 Your frens into this sexion air noomeris
 And tha x peckt the ilustris Comeck to doo his dooty,
 Wich is to sale around & sa nothink to noboddy
 Not hiting the planits & sterink clere ov the stars.
 (p. s.) plesse tri & let out a litle moar tale.'

'It is n't every man,' said a genial friend of ours, who 'dropped in' upon us at the sanctum, the other night, 'no matter how pious he may be, who is calculated to shine as a minister of the gospel. Last summer, I was at a little town in Indiana, on a Sunday; and as I was passing a small church, I heard the congregation singing an old-fashioned, plaintive psalm-tune, and I could not help going in. After the two concluding verses had been sung, the 'minister' got up. I never saw such a looking clergyman in my life, before. He had a kind of green, 'bulgy' eye, a retreating forehead and chin, and his hair was as red as a brick. It was sheared to the skull in ridges made at a clip, like a short-haired cocoa-nut, except the fore-top, which was brushed straight up to a point, forming what is termed a 'cow-lick': it looked, as it rose from his low forehead, like a small conflagration. He opened the Bible with a pair of great, coarse red hands, and pronounced his text in a voice like the tearing of a strong rag: 'Return like a dog to his vomit,' (which he pronounced 'wom-mit,') 'and like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire!' There was good taste for you! I looked scrutinizingly around, took up my hat, vacated my seat, reached the central 'vomitory' of the sanctuary, and 'cut my lucky,' with a sense of supreme relief.' - - - We have a word or two to say of Mr. William H. Disbrow's *Riding-School*, Number Twenty, Fourth-Avenue, near ASTOR and LAFAYETTE Places, which is open day and evening for equestrian tuition and exercise-riding. We have known Mr. DISBROW for many years, during all which time he has been establishing himself as a complete master of his profession, and conferring physical grace and health upon thousands of the

élite of the metropolis. His hours are convenient; his terms reasonable; his tuition admirably given; and his rules and regulations unexceptionable, and always enforced. We commend Mr. DISBROW's school as one which has no superior, 'here or elsewhere.' - - - A MISSOURI friend, who need not be at all afraid of writing to us too often, sends us the following 'perfectly authentic' anecdote. It has awakened many a loud laugh in the sanctum :

'An old soaker, who lives in Weston, Missouri, took it into his head one day that it was necessary for his future welfare to be 'born ag'in,' and forthwith repaired to the Rev. Mr. B —, the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the following dialogue ensued :

'OLD S. : 'It's your doctrine, Boss, that a feller to be saved must suffer *immershun*, ain't it?'

'MR. B. : 'Yes, Mr. S., it is a fundamental doctrine of our Church that a man, to be regenerated, *must* repent of his sins, and be *immersed*.'

'OLD S. : 'Well, Boss, after repentin' of his sins, and been '*slid under*,' if he flashes in the pan, *then* what?'

'MR. B. : 'Although back-sliding is much to be deplored, still, if he sincerely repents of his sin, and is again immersed, the Church will receive him again.'

'OLD S. : 'Well, s'pose he *ag'in* kicks out of the traces after the second time, (for you know what critters there are in this world, Boss,) *then* what's to pay?'

'MR. B. : 'Notwithstanding all *this*, if he will seriously repent, and solemnly promise to amend his future life, the Church will again receive him into its bosom, after being immersed.'

'OLD S., (after a few moments of deep thought,) proposes the closing interrogatory : 'Well, Boss, would n't it be a blasted good idea to *keep sich fellers in soak all the time*?'

'My informant did not say whether old S — joined the Church or not, but I incline to the opinion that he *did n't*.'

We cannot help quoting, 'in this connection,' the subjoined somewhat kindred anecdote of the late ISAAC T. HOPPER, the Quaker :

'UPON a certain occasion, a man called upon him with a due-bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been appointed to settle. Friend HOPPER put it away, saying he would attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances of the transaction, and stating that a due-bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found.

'When the man called again, ISAAC said to him, in a quiet way :

' 'Friend JONES, I understand thou hast become pious lately.'

'He replied, in a solemn tone :

' 'Yes, thanks to the LORD JESUS, I have found out the way of salvation.'

' 'And thou hast been dipped, I hear,' continued the Quaker. 'Dost thou know JAMES HUNTER?'

'Mr. JONES answered in the affirmative.

' 'Well, he was also dipped some time ago,' rejoined Friend HOPPER, 'but the neighbors say they did n't get the crown of his head under water. The DEVIL crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy with him ever since. I am afraid they did n't get *thee* quite under water. I think thou had'st better be dipped again.'

'As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.'

A FRIEND of ours, who when he writes, *edifies*, relates the following: 'Travelling, the other day, in the cars of the Boston and Worcester railroad, there sat before me two respectable-looking individuals, whose conversation I could not but over-hear, and a 'section' of which was as follows: 'Well, JONAS has got himself into a bad fix *this* time: the proof is clear against him, and there is no doubt he'll be convicted of the burglary.' The friend responded: 'Why, he is out on bail; why don't he *slope*? They say he is worth five or six thousand dollars: let him indemnify his bail, and 'cut.' 'Yes, but then, JONAS is desperate fond of money, and he won't give up any of *that*, any how. No: I think he had better go to State's-prison, and serve the sentence out. It would n't do him any harm.' 'I don't think so,' said the other; 'JONAS is a man of high-toned feeling, and that would *cut him to the quick!*' 'We should think it *would* have that effect!' - - - 'SOMETIMES,' writes our esteemed friend and correspondent, RICHARD HAYWARDE, 'we find little enigmatical poems like the one enclosed, that not only delight the reader by their exquisite versification, but also possess a latent charm, only to be developed by the skill of the reader. I think I am not in error when I add '*Philip, my King,*' to this class:

'Look at me, with thy large brown eyes,
 PHILIP, my king!
 For round thee the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's regal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden;
 I am thine ESTHER, to command,
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
 PHILIP, my king!

'Oh! the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 PHILIP, my king!
 When those beautiful lips are suing,
 And some gentle hearts-bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter love-crowned, and there
 Sittest all glorified! — Rule kindly,
 Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
 PHILIP, my king!

'I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
 PHILIP, my king!
 Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
 That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one god-throned amidst his peers.
 My soul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
 Let me behold thee in coming years!
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 PHILIP, my king!

'A wreath, not of gold, but palm, one day,
 PHILIP, my king!
 Thou, too, must tread, as we tread, a way
 Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
 Rebels within thee, and foes without
 Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious
 Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
 As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious,
 'PHILIP, the king!'

'At the first glance, it would seem as if 'PHILIP' were, in reality, a sovereign prince, or at least an infant of the blood-royal. But I am inclined to believe

that his only kingdom lies within the boundaries of his mother's breast. Let us see if this be not so :

— 'ROUND thee the purple shadow lies
Of *babyhood's* regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden.'

Then again :

— 'RULE kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair.'

'What kingdom? Surely that over which every child rules with despotic sway, and which the mother, looking forward in the future, sees re-represented in her whom she calls his 'queen-handmaiden.' Therefore she says :

— 'RULE kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! *we love so blindly*,
PHILIP, my king!'

'I think this enigmatical portion may be solved easily now :

'REBELS *within thee*, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious,
'PHILIP, the king!''

'Let me call your attention to an exquisite bit of art. I allude to the *omission* of a syllable in one of the lines :

'Sittest all glorified! — Rule kindly.'

'I think the intermediate pause necessary to be observed here, in place of the missing word, enhances the tenderness of the sentiment wonderfully. I take this gem of poesy from our country-paper. Who wrote it? If you discover the author's name, make a note of it. It was published many years ago in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.' - - - We commend the following '*Chapter from Blackstone*' on '*Real Estate*,' to all our legal friends, and '*real-estate*' buyers; and we rather surmise that our *other* readers will find its perusal a pleasant matter. PUNCH had some papers of a similar kind, a few years ago, but, if we may be permitted to say so, none better than this :

'BLACKSTONE divides Realty into three grand divisions: Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments.

'Land is a very comprehensive term, including every thing of a permanent, substantial nature; 'tenement' literally means, any thing that may be held; and therefore, if a man should catch a fox by the tail, he'd be a 'tenement' as long as he could hold him, but if he should get away, in the eye of the law he'd probably be nothing but a 'thing in action;' rather lively action, too, perhaps, especially if the dogs were after him.

'Hereditaments' are of two kinds, corporeal and incorporeal; corporeal, are those visible, tangible objects in nature that may be seen and felt, or as GLANVILLE has it, they are such 'as affect the senses;' therefore, if a horse should throw a man who should light on his head and be stunned, that according to the books, is a 'corporeal hereditament'; 'incorporeal hereditaments issue out of the land'; rents and profits come under this head, and so, we suppose, would fishing-worms; though the prophets that 'issued out of the land of Judea' along with SAUL, would not come within the definition; but if a man should catch his coat-tail on a nail, and 'create a rent,' the nail being annexed to the freehold, and issuing too far out, would probably be 'in tail male,' and the man would be 'remanded to the Court below' to have his coat mended, as the DEVIL sows tares. Under the name of 'Land,' is comprised every thing upon the surface of the earth, and under it; and water passes under the name of land, though we do n't see how a heavy rain, in any point of view, could be considered as Real Estate, and a practical difficulty would arise in conveying a square acre of flunder-shower by metes and bounds, though, since BLACKSTONE wrote, conveyance by water is a very common occurrence.

'Trees and growing crops belong to the land; and pumpkins, being 'attached to the Realty,' 'go to the heir' till they're pulled up, and then, they generally 'go to' the pigs; so, wheat and barley 'go with the land,' and so does the rye, unless it is made into whiskey, and then it goes best with a little water: so of the 'standing corn'; though we do n't suppose, that if the proprietor was drunk for three weeks before he sold his place, it would be such a standing 'corn' as that he would 'go to the first purchaser,' unless indeed he went to take a little something.

'A man has a 'fee' in land, when it is given to 'him and his heirs for ever'; but if he happens to have no heirs, it goes to the King, who stands graciously ready to nab any valuable corner-lots, when the proper population does n't turn up.

'Our BRACON' says, that the word 'fee' is derived from the Saxon word *feud* or *fight*, because all the tenants used to be continually fighting for their landlords; and, in contemplation of law, were supposed to be perpetually standing outside the gate, armed and equipped, and ready for a breeze at the shortest notice; these were called 'retainers,' hence, our term of Retainer; so that if JOHN DOE retains A. B., counsellor-at-law, to defend him, at the suit of RICHARD ROE, the said A. B. is supposed to march about town with a band of music and a battle-axe, ready to tounzle, man, and maltreat the said JOHN DOE, to wit, at the county aforesaid — and probably takes depositions in uniform.

'Estate for life' is a less estate than a fee, and may be 'created by deed'; but you cannot create an estate by deed for more than three lives, unless, perhaps, one of 'em should be a cat's, and then, it would probably extend to ten or eleven.

'Curtesy' is an estate for life, by the 'act of the law'; though curtesies are sometimes the acts of the girls. Curtesy is where a man marries a woman, 'seized of an estate of inheritance'; and if the small-pox or seven-years' itch were hereditary in the wife's family, and one of 'em should seize her, this would be a 'seisin by inheritance,' and the husband would 'take it for life'; but first, he must have children born alive, otherwise the law says to him, 'You ain't in!'

'Tenant-for-life is entitled to emblements,' or 'away-going crops'; and if a man should plant a patch of peas and potatoes, and then move off, in the eye of the law the peas and potatoes are supposed to follow him; and, if you looked sharp, you'd doubtless see them climbing over the fence after him, and calling out to be dug; the same is true of trees and shrubs, and this was what terrified MACBETH so, when he saw 'Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane'; for when he saw the 'emblements' moving, he was lawyer enough to know that there was a change going on of landed proprietors, that boded him no good.

'The tenant-for-life also 'takes' all the catnip and boneset on his place, because they belong to the soil; but the law would not compel him to 'take them,' unless he wanted to, and if they were made into tea, SPELLMAN thinks he could put in a little milk and sugar. A tenant-for-life is entitled to cut wood, and if the landlord should interfere and raise a muss, he would be compelled to cut stick; but, though a tenant for life is entitled to cut wood, yet if his son should whittle the fence, or mutilate the parlor-chairs, or throw down the book-case, and go to chopping it up with an axe, and the landlord should come in, and they should have a regular pitched battle over the fallen furniture, it would clearly be 'an action on the case,' and the landlord would recover.

'When a man owns the soil, he owns it clear up to the sky, and down to the 'other place'; but I can't build my house so as to overhang my neighbor's, and if he has a window built so long that the memory of man does n't run any where else, you can't stop that window up; for it is an 'ancient light'; and therefore, if you should go and look in at that window, you would be guilty of 'obstructing ancient lights,' and he could take your head off even with the window-sill, but no farther, using no more force than was necessary: and if an old man should die of consumption, that would be an 'obstruction of ancient lights'; but the law would not undertake to provide a remedy, not being an undertaker in such circumstances. How far the principle of ancient lights extends, is, perhaps, a doubtful question, as most legal questions are: if you agree to let your neighbor keep his window open, and he so keeps it open for any length of time, it does not become an 'ancient light,' and you may shut the shutters on him, any time; but if he opens it against your will, though you should go and shake your fist at him every day for twenty-one years, or thereabouts, it becomes an 'ancient light' in spite of you, and he could blow wads at you out of it, every morning before breakfast, if he wanted to, and you'd have no remedy.

'All real estate may be bought and sold; for this purpose, we have real-estate agents, who generally take the property as part of their commissions; and when property is conveyed in this way, the buyer is said to be 'in by purchase,' that is, if he pays for it; but there is another way of coming by property, by which a man, in legal phrase, is said to be 'in by descent'; but we do n't suppose that, if a man should tumble out of a third-story window, into a basket of eels, he'd be 'in by descent' in such a manner as that he could 'hold the property' long.

'Every man's land is called his 'close,' and is supposed to be surrounded by an ideal, invisible boundary or wall, which exists only in the 'eye of the law,' the law being generally wall-eyed and befogged; though no body can see it, yet, if any person oversteps this boundary, he is guilty of a trespass; and it's no excuse for him to say he could n't see it, for the Law says to him, 'It's all in my eye,' and this is a 'trespass *quare clausum fregit*'; and if a man should be chasing a rabbit

and the rabbit should run over this line, every action of the rabbit thereafter would be void; as no one can take advantage of their own wrong, and the law would not permit him to move a step farther, and the man could easily catch him; so, if a man wore a wig, and should sleep at a tavern, and put his wig in his pantaloons' pocket — and a thief should come and steal his wig out of his breeches, that would be a trespass '*quare clausum fregit*'; 'for, that he broke his close,' and stole his nares.

'So, as every man's lot is thus fenced in, it is a fine old maxim of the English law, that every man's house is his castle, which, says Magna Charta, '*the King cannot enter*'; therefore, if the King went out to see his market-gardener, simply for the purpose of walking about, and looking at the pigs and poultry, the market-gardener can slam the front door in his face, and set the dogs on him, and the King could n't lift the latch; for, says GLANVILLE, 'Where the King is concerned, there are no laches,' and so, under the old law, the King was absolutely forbidden to enter any house in the kingdom, so that his social intercourse was extremely limited; and hence the maxim, '*Nullum tempus occurrit regi*,' or, the King does n't have any sort of a time: and, as every man's house is his castle, he has an undoubted right to fortify it, and may plant cannon in his door-yard, and pile bombs in his front parlor; but the bombs, not being attached to the Realty, would n't go with the land, but, if they went off, the house would probably go with them: and so, a man would have an undoubted right to maintain a regiment of cavalry for the protection of his castle; but the theory of the English law is such, that the King, with all his power, can't take the castle of his meanest subject; so that if the King should turn out his whole military force, horse, foot, and dragons, and try to take a man's house, that man could just walk out in the street, and wallop the whole of 'em.

'Such are some of those great principles, on which is founded our whole system of jurisprudence; and it is a beautiful fiction of the law, and one tending greatly to the increase of knowledge, that every one is supposed to know the law; and therefore, if a Chinese should come to this country, he would at once be an able lawyer; and so, if any one should say of his honor, Judge BEESWAX, 'He do n't know any more law than a Chinaman,' it would be the highest compliment that could be paid to his legal abilities.'

'WHILE residing, a few years ago, in the Monumental City,' writes 'N. S. S.,' in a pleasant gossiping letter, 'I used sometimes to go on Sunday, to a small church near my residence, to hear a somewhat famous negro preacher. The church had been built by a few benevolent gentlemen, as a place of worship for their slaves. The preacher, himself a slave, was an old negro, famed throughout the city as a perfectly original specimen of imagination and humor; and more especially, for his very unique construction of various portions of the divine Word. He frequently numbered among his hearers the *élite* of the city, drawn thither in the hope of hearing 'some new-thing'; and truth to say, they were seldom disappointed. To give some idea of his style — necessarily imperfect to an outsider, for his gesticulation was peculiar and forcible — I will narrate two *morceaux*: In describing CHRIST's entrance into Jerusalem, he said: 'Well, my bruddren, when de people in 'Rusalum heard de LORD was coming, dey 'bandoned der ockerpashon, and cut for de subub; crowding tru de gate, I 'se no doubt, like a flock o' sheep: and some broke off de branches off de trees, and t'rowed 'em down, and some t'rowed down straw and hay, and de rest took off der clothes — not all ob dem, I 'spect — and tru 'em down in de road. But 't was no use, my breddren; wid all dey could do, dey *could n't stop dat ore colt*; he kim along, and went right in de gate, easy as nuffin!' On another occasion, when striving his utmost to bring about a revival, he elevated his humble flock several pegs in importance. He said: 'Now, if any ob you niggers t'ink dat 'cause you 're black, and poor, and miserable, you 'se of no great consikence in de LORD's eyes, you 'se vastly 'staken, I 'spect, as I could prove by many pints ob de divine word; but one will be 'ficient for your dall comprehensions. De LORD says, in one place: 'God will not let even a sparrer fall to de ground widout His notice'; and in 'nudder place He says: 'Are not two

sparrers sold for a farden'?' A farden', I would inform you, is s'posed to be 'bout as much as a cent. Well, den : now, if de LORD takes so much care of a sparrer, worth only half a cent, of how much more 'portance, my dear brudren, in His eyes, are you five and six hundred dollar niggers!' It strikes us that we once published this last anecdote, sent us by a Baltimore correspondent, but we are not quite certain. - - - THERE is not the smallest town in the United States, it is reasonable to assume, where the recent *Destruction of the Establishment of the Brothers Harper by Fire* is not known, and all the circumstances connected with it; their great loss, the universal public sympathy, and crowded offers of assistance; with their characteristic energy in entering anew upon their vast field of action. Our friend and correspondent, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, has thrown *her* tribute at the great publishers' feet, in the ensuing appropriate and graceful lines:

Conflagration

OF THE

WALTON HOUSE AND THE HARPERS' ESTABLISHMENT,

New-York, Saturday, December 10th, 1863.

'Old Mansion! that didst rear thy head,
At first, 'mid waving trees;
Green vales, and waters round thee spread,
Where now, the city dense and high,
Scarce leaves a section of the sky
The rural heart to please.
Even in that dim, colonial day
When simple habits held their sway,
Thy lofty halls with wealth were gay;
And there BOSS WALTON* feasted high
The flower of England's chivalry,
When from Canadian strife they pressed,
The flush of victory on their crest.
But now no more with pride elate
Thy board shall bend 'neath massy plate,
For startling flames, with dire embrace,
Have sternly swept thee from thy place;
And blackened stones and ashes show
The fearful certainty of wo.

'But the same fires that wrapped thee round
Have strewed another on the ground,
Which from the world could claim,
Though no armorial bearings gave
Their lustre to its architrave,
A more enduring fame.

* An epithet bestowed on the master of this stately mansion, by whom it was erected about a century since, when that portion of New-York, now so densely thronged, was mingled with marsh and forest. Mr. WALTON's wealth and liberal style of living gave him distinction in those times of primitive simplicity. The baronial elegance of his entertainment to the officers of the English army, after their conflict with the French in Canada, being reported on their return home, excited the cupidity of the Second GEORGE and his venal parliament, to impose a heavier tax on the colonies. As a reply to their remonstrance that they were exhausted, both in blood and treasure, by efforts to aid in the recent war of the mother-land, this costly banquet was adduced in proof of their actual wealth, and the demand enforced.

So, the pomp of the WALTON hospitality was repaid by unexpected evil to the country, as WOLSEY's ostentatious display of the splendors of York-House to bluff King HAL accelerated his own fall. Thus, also, of old, the Monarch of JUDAH, who exposed to the view of his Assyrian guests all the treasures of his realm, found this frankness or vanity an element in its captivity. Perhaps in the ear of the eloquent prophet who reproved him, it was as the key-tone of that mournful melody: 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sate down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.'

For where the child in fire-side nook
 Rejoiceth with its pictured book,
 Or student o'er his problem bends,
 Or bard on fancy's wing ascends,
 Or Christian cons the holy page
 That girds him for his pilgrimage ;
 Even though the lonely traveller strays
 From tropic clime to arctic zone,
 There hath the HARRERS' name been known,
 And spoken in the varying tone
 Of authors' thanks or readers' praise.

' Yet shall the BROTHERS' four-fold band
 Again, and with a giant's hands,
 These ruined walls restore ;
 And there the press, with labor fraught,
 Shall give eternity to thought,
 And sons of toil delighted tread,
 And nobly earn their children's bread,
 Beneath its roof once more.
 Yes, from the dust, with phoenix eye,
 Yon renovated dome shall spring,
 (For truth and knowledge cannot die,)
 And mind shall spread a deathless wing
 Above the flaming sky.'

THE air 'bites shrewdly' to-night, without the sanctum, and afar off the keen, cold north-west wind howls in its anger ; but here we sit, reading the *'Evening Mirror'*, picking out dainty bits in its selections, scanning its lively and spirited editorials, and its 'curtailed abbreviations' of the news of the metropolis, and from all quarters of the compass, and *let* old BOREAS blow his blast so bold ; not without the frequent thought, howbeit, 'Where will the 'poor naked wretches' in their 'looped and windowed raggedness,' who not only hear but *feel* it, lay their 'houseless heads' to-night?' - - - A BROTHER-EDITOR, writing from Columbia, Texas, favors us with the following local gossip : 'By the way, a short incident or two for your meditation. Occasionally, in travelling, I have encountered peculiar customers. I remember, after a long morning's ride, arriving at a house and asking if I could get dinner : after some hesitation, I was told to walk in. Preparations for dinner were soon made ; and after all was ready, the table laid, and the edibles placed thereon, the master of the house, a bachelor of some forty winters, arose, with solemn dignity, and proceeding to the corner of the room, extracted a key from his pocket and applied it to the lock of a massive chest. The bolt yielded, the lid was raised, and the dinner-service of plate was taken out. What do you suppose it consisted of? Actually, by invoice, taken as soon as I left, of one table-spoon, five tea-spoons of German silver, and one ancient sugar-bowl of earthen ware. This was the family-plate, which was guarded with all the care necessary to preserve a service of gold ! — A PLANTER describing the rich alluvial soil of this country to a stranger, declared that, among other qualities, it was *perus* and *peluvial*. He had given his son a *gratuous* gift of five hundred acres of the land, but it had proved a *noosness* (nuisance) to him, and given him habits of laziness ! — I WAS in company with a lady, not long since, who had the reputation of being very literary. The conversation turned upon poetry and the poets ; and allusion was made to COWPER. She had not read his novels, but was familiar with COOPER, and was delighted with his Dutch charac-

ters!—THERE was a party at a neighboring planter's, a while ago, which I attended. Sitting with a company upon the gallery, a gentleman, fresh from Yankeeedom, noticed some domestic animals that appeared to have been reared by hand. Speaking of them, he called them 'cossets.' The female portion of the company at once assumed that peculiar look which country ladies will put on when a blunder is made. Explanation was afterward sought, and it appeared that the similarity of sound between *cosset* and *corset* had put these very delicate ladies to the blush! - - - THE Buffalo '*Daily Courier*' has been greatly enlarged, to afford space for reading-matter, which has gradually been encroached upon by the increasing favors of advertisers. Buffalo is a city of well-conducted and prosperous daily journals, 'and this is of them.' When our friend SEAVER left Batavia for Buffalo, we predicted his success; and the result justifies our prophecy. - - - RIGHT well do we remember the long broad street in Detroit, so graphically described in the subjoined sketch; nor is it a difficult matter to conceive how it must look filled with joyous revelry in all sorts of winter-conveyances:

'MICHIGAN at Christmas! What a glorious time! How pleasant it makes one feel to think about it. To think of the parties, the sleigh-rides, the visits, the presents to be given and received, and the ten thousand other pleasant things attendant on CHRIST's blessed birth-day. In all parts of the world, where it is a holiday at all, Christmas is a grand one. *All* are eloquent in its praise. Who ever knew an Englishman who was not continually harping on its sports and pleasures; its dinners and its claret; its Yule and its Snap-Dragon; its SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY-dance and its hoar-frost. Its writers grow eloquent on the subject, and claim that better sermons, better feeling, better fun, and a good many other better things, are to be found in England at that time, than in any other part of the world. Such a benign influence does this great holiday exert upon the temper of JOHN BULL, that his usual growl subsides into an amiable grumble; and some travellers have positively asserted that sometimes he even condescends to be sociable under it. Be that as it may, it is certain, that in merry old England, Christmas is the most loved holiday in the year. But in Michigan, the coming of Christmas, second only to the Fourth of July, is hailed with delight by both old and young; and I can scarcely believe that an impartial person, in his right mind, could be found who would not say that Michigan lads and Michigan lassies have more 'real sport' than the sons and daughters of Britain.

'To the children, the space of time between Thanksgiving day (another great holiday) and Christmas, is the hardest time in the whole year to get over. Hardly have they digested the roast turkey, (a strict accompaniment of the former,) when they begin to count upon their fingers how many days still intervene before the latter shall arrive. This counting of the days is practised about seven times the first week, fourteen times the second, twenty-one times the third, and so on till the wished-for time arrives, when they immediately begin counting up for SAINT VALENTINE's day, WASHINGTON's birth-day, and the Fourth of July. This continual exercise is thought by some to be one reason why the Yankee boys go so far ahead of the English youth in that greatest of all sciences, the science of 'Rithmetic. 'I wonder what will be in my stocking?' is a query often and anxiously propounded by every juvenile. Lessons are neglected in school, in the vain endeavor to answer it satisfactorily. Hours innumerable are spent when they ought to be asleep, in wondering whether their candy will come in the shape of an apple or a cat, pear or monkey; or if in neither of these, what shape it *will* come in. Whether their toys will be rolling-horses or barking-dogs, jumping-monkeys or singing-birds, or whether by some extraordinary run of good luck, they may not get them all, and a wooden-gun in the bargain. Whether their books will be MOTHER HUBBARD and JACK the Giant Killer, or JACK the Giant Killer and MOTHER GOOSE; whether they will have painted pictures or none at all, the former always having a de

cided preference. Air-castles uncountable are built by that greatest of all earthly architects, Imagination.

'On Christmas morning their castles tumble to the ground, but their sorrow is no greater than if they had broken a candy-peach. They console themselves with the thought that while their castles were good for nothing but to think about and look at, the contents of their stockings, though perhaps not so handsome to the view, could be eaten, played with, read, or otherwise disposed of, and in the enjoyment of the present they forget the dreamings of the past. They have lived a thousand, ay, ten thousand Christmases in living one, and are perfectly satisfied with their lot for the time being, but commence building and dreaming again before their candy is gone. As the child (if it be a boy) grows from childhood into youth, and from youth into manhood, visions of hard-fought fields, where the snow-balls fly thick and fast; where *all* are wounded, but none killed; of many a well-played game on the ice, with a few involuntary cold baths, *too* cool, indeed, for comfort, take the place of the stocking-mania. To the girl come dreams of *pleasant* (not fashionable) parties; of grand sleigh-rides, (in none of your two feet by six, new-fashioned cutters, but) in good old-fashioned box-sleighs, calculated to hold a dozen comfortably: of merry games of Blind Man's Buff and Puss in the Corner; of presents, not from SANTA CLAUS, but from brother JOHN, father, mother, and perhaps some body else; and of other things too numerous to mention.

'What, I say, what has England to compare with the unsung sports of a Michigan Christmas? Can its fashionable parties equal, in point of comfort and enjoyment, the family-gatherings in the spacious and snug old farm-houses, where every person comes as early as he pleases, says what he chooses, and dresses to suit himself, without the danger of being called a 'werry hodd character?' Their light dinners — light in quality only, which they are obliged to put under two or three bottles of wine and a wonderful quantity of brandy-punch, to keep them down — do not, I'll warrant you, taste any better, no, nor half so good, as the nice roast-turkey and cider apple-sauce of the Michigan farmer. Who would give an hour, spent on the ice at such games as 'Peel-a-way,' 'Goal,' or 'Tag,' for a week at 'Yule-Log' and 'Snap-Dragon'? A good round of snow-balling is worth a dozen of 'Sir ROGER DE COVERLETS.' The sight of the dazzling-white sheet spread over house-tops and ground, and of the trees and bushes bending under a weight of snow, when you rise in the morning, is worth all the hoar-frosts one could see in a twelve-month; and a good sleigh-ride on a cold, clear evening is worth all the rest put together.

'This last amusement is appreciated by the inhabitants of those States which are so fortunate as to have *snow* and not rain in the winter. At the first fall of snow, of sufficient depth for sleighing, which in Michigan usually happens about Christmas, every body who owns a horse and sleigh, or who is rich enough to hire one, enjoys himself in the best possible manner by taking a sleigh-ride. At such times the principal streets of the villages and cities present a fine appearance; JEFFERSON-Avenue, in Detroit, particularly so. It is one of the finest streets in the United States. It is one hundred and twenty feet broad, three miles long, and paved throughout its whole extent, and for the greater part of the way runs on the ridge of a hill. Imagine to yourself such a street, filled throughout its whole length and breadth with sleighs of every description: the sturdy old farmer, with his long box-sleigh and team of fat horses, one usually a bay and the other a gray, who has brought his family and a load of turkeys to town; the old Frenchman, with his home-made hickory-cutter, looking not unlike a low crockery-crate upon runners, who owns a farm which his forefathers have owned before him for many generations, whose ostensible business is farming, but whose principal crop is hay, which requires no trouble but the mowing, and who lives upon the sale of his hay, the straw-hats his wife makes, and the products of his gun and fish-net; with his shaggy little pony, whose short legs move so fast that you would be apt to think he was making quick time, were there no larger horses near him; the provident and economical Dutchman, who has saved money enough to buy a small tract of wood-land, with his wood-rack and 'try heekory woot,' which was cut two months before from a beech-grove; the horse-jockey, with his trotter harnessed to his old cutter,

which looks as if it would part company with its runners before long; the close Englishman, who carries his hay to market while his competitors, the Frenchmen, are enjoying themselves, thus getting a quicker sale and a better price; a marshal, whose duty it is to prevent persons from driving faster than six miles an hour, with his pacer passing you so quick that you do but catch a glimpse of a huge pair of whiskers and a tremendous cane, when he is gone; a constable, who looks as if he was trying to arrest the marshal; a sheriff, who strives to be near enough the constable to see that he does his duty; a justice of the peace after the sheriff, and a sober judge pursuing them all; followed by an editor, two or three aldermen, and perhaps the mayor; the young buck, anxious to follow such distinguished leaders, running into a horse-post, thereby releasing the horse from all connection with himself and cutter; the sober old citizen in one sleigh, with most of his children and his wife in another, with a steady and exceedingly gentle old horse, driven by his oldest son; the old horse not being sharp-shod, slips down and breaks the thills; whereupon the lady jumps out and catches hold of the back of the cutter, to prevent 'Doll' from running away, should she feel so inclined when she gets up; the public sleighs, filled with families of not over-rich mechanics, and the sleek livery-stable horses attached to fancy-cutters, and driven by men. Imagine all this, and much more, and you will have an imperfect idea of JEFFERSON-Avenue in sleighing-time at night.'

There *must* have been 'real sport' about that time on JEFFERSON-Avenue. Would we had been there! - - - The following from an esteemed friend in a western city, will interest many readers: 'You know how to sympathize with the sorrowing, and I am one who needs sympathy. The last two months of 1853 have been mournful months to me. November brought the death of my noble brother, who was murdered while in the discharge of his duty; while the world around him was still glowing in the hues of his own loving spirit, before the glory and the dream had vanished. I feel like WALLENSTEIN, overwhelmed by the loss of MAX PICCOLONINI. By the way, did you ever look at the original of WALLENSTEIN's lamentation? I think COLERIDGE has not done SCHILLER justice in his translation. It is a favorite passage with me, and I have made the following translation:

'I SHALL recover from this stroke, I know:
What does not man live down? From the highest,
As from the commonest, he weans himself:
For he is conquered by the mighty hours.
But yet I feel what I have lost in him.
Now all the bloom is vanished from my life,
And cold and colorless it lies before me.
For he stood by me like my early youth,
Making the Real glorious as a dream;
Over the plain and common things of life
Spreading the golden splendors of the morn;
And in the glow of his warm, loving spirit,
Rose from the ground, e'en to my own amazement,
The flat, unmeaning forms of Every-day.
Whate'er success awaits my future toils,
The beautiful is gone — *that* comes no more!

'If you will look at COLERIDGE's translation of WALLENSTEIN's death, (Act V. Scene Third,) you will see that he has omitted a considerable portion. I cannot see why he omitted

'UND kalt und farblos seh ich's vor mir liegen,
(And cold and colorless it lies before me;')

for I think it a very beautiful and expressive line. But the worst thing in COLERIDGE's translation is the close. WALLENSTEIN means to say that though

success may attend his efforts, the *beautiful* is gone for ever. COLERIDGE leaves out the idea of *success*, and beside, weakens the sense by not translating the emphatic *das*, (that :)

‘WHATEVER fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.’

We hold with our friend. - - - ‘PASSING over the Buffalo and New-York Central Rail-road from Portage to Buffalo, early one morning last summer, I noticed a queer-built, oddly-dressed, and altogether comical-looking fellow, talking to the conductor. So earnest was his conversation, and so pointed his gestures, that I could not restrain my inclination to listen. The subject of conference was a rectangular box, occupying the centre of the car, much resembling in size, shape, color, and general appearance, a refrigerator. Knowing that it was a portion of some new-fangled but unsuccessful scheme for ventilating rail-road cars, I had named it ‘*The Refrigerator*,’ from its almost exact similarity to that useful article. Thinking to draw out my verdant fellow-passenger, I said to the conductor, ‘What is the matter with your refrigerator?’ ‘Oh!’ he replied, glancing quietly at the green-horn, ‘it don’t work now; it’s lost its vacuum.’ The countryman opened his eyes and surveyed the dubious object with intense interest; and then innocently replied: ‘Lost its vacuum, eh? Well, Mister, why don’t you buy a *new one*, and put in it?’ Thus far our correspondent; but he omits to tell us whether the new ‘vacuum’ was purchased and reestablished or not. This is an important omission. It might throw light upon the still unsolved problem, cited by ‘OLLAPOD,’ to wit: whether ‘a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, can devour second intentions!’ Here is work for metaphysicians! - - - ONE of the most useful, scientific, and easily-managed ‘improvements’ in the city, is ‘*Kidder’s Patent Gas-Regulator*.’ It is affixed to the ordinary gas-metre with very little trouble, and regulates the pressure in such a manner as *invariably* to secure the best light with the least consumption of gas. Its certain and efficient action is testified to by the highest chemical authorities of the metropolis; while all who have used it, proprietors of all the largest hotels, STEWARTS’, in Broadway, and nameless numbers more, have given their ‘hands and seals’ to the fact, that *beside* affording the very best light, it lessens their gas-bills more than twenty-five per cent. We can ‘bear testimony’ to the same effect, having had one of the ‘regulators’ for some time in use, and thoroughly tested its excellent qualities and infallible action. The office of the Company is at Number Two Hundred and Sixty-Two, Broadway. Mr. S. T. CLARKE is the secretary, and in a moment explains the invention. - - - THEY have orators out in Illinois, if we may trust the description of a certain military one, furnished us by a correspondent in that State: ‘It was dog-days, and a great hue-and-cry had been raised about mad dogs; although no person could be found who had *seen* one, the excitement still grew by the rumors it was fed on. A meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of devising plans for the extermination, not only of mad dogs, but, to make safety doubly safe, of dogs in general. The ‘Brigadier’ was appointed chairman. After stating the object of the meeting, in a not very parliamentary manner, instead of taking his seat, and allowing others to make some suggestions, he launched forth into a speech of some half

hour's length, of which the following burst of forensic splendor is a 'sample':
 'Fellur Citizens: the time has come when the o'ercharged feelin's of aggravated human natur are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are midst us. Their shriekin' yelp and fomy track can be heerd and seen on our peraries. Death follers in their wake; shall we set here, like cowards, while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from their dredful borashus hidrofobic caninety? No; it mustn't be! E'en now my buzum is torn with the conflictin' feelin's of rath and wengeance: a funeral-pyre of wild-cats is burnin' in me! I have horses and cattle; I have sheep and pigs; and I have a wife and children; and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, *all in danger of bein' bit by these cussed mad dogs!*' - - - HERE is a new 'style' of verse, which we commend to all those students of rhythm (and we infer that there are many such) who are trying to 'learn how to write poetry.' It is from a 'pome' entitled '*The Factory-Girl*':

'PLEASANT 'tis to see,
 In the factory,
 With spirits light and free,
 Busy as a bee,
 The girl most beautiful:
 Features, fair and bright,
 Smiling soft and white;
 From morn's early light
 To the shades of night,
 Most kind and dutiful.

'What though some may say,
 'Scanty seems her pay?'
 Yet, without delay,
 Little, every day,
 Earned, and laid away,
Soon amounts to a
 Considerable!
 Work, as if by stealth,
 Paves the way to wealth,
 And to rosy health,
 And well-filled table.

'Spending not a penny
 Of her hard-earned money
 Foolishly, for any
 Worthless thing, as many
 Oft do most needlessly;
 Feelings well-refined;
 Round her youthful mind
 Virtue's wreath entwined,
 Being e'er inclined
 Useful books to find

To improve her mind;
 Being not behind
 Any woman kind,
 In taste, most heedlessly.

'Such a brilliant brightness,
 Such a lovely lightness,
 Such a snowy whiteness,
 Such a firm uprightness,
 Such a frugal tightness,
 Such a nimble sprightness,
 Such a kind politeness —
 Oh, how delectable!
 Such a flying fleetness,
 Such a needful neatness,
 Such a true discreetness,
 Such a charming sweetness,
 Such a rare completeness —
 Oh, how respectable!

'Many a lovely girl,
 Destined to unfurl
 Charming beauty's curl,
 Where the waters hurl,
 And the spindles twirl,
May see fortune whirl
 With great agility:
 Making her a wife,
 Free from want and strife,
 Living a happy life,
 With rich blessings rife —
 In great gentility.'

What a 'flying fleetness!' - - - WE went to the National Theatre the other evening, to behold the '*Rural Habitation of Uncle Thomas*,' vulgarly known as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' and we would n't go to see it again for a 'large sum of gold.' The 'gude wife' and 'Young Knick' wept their eyes out, and the 'Old' gentleman of that name did the same thing, almost. 'And what at?' may be asked. We answer, the touching and most beautiful, natural representation — call it not *acting* — of little Eva. But, one thing we *must* say; and that is, that it is positive *cruelty* to an audience to 'enact' the death-bed scene, where little Eva departs to her home in Heaven. Such things, to any one who

has been bereft of children, must seem, we had almost said, revolting. A lady in black, in the parquette, fell into a violent fit of *hysteria*, the night we were present; and no marvel. - - - A town-correspondent says he 'feels it his *duty*' to send us the subjoined: 'An old woman, living near S — H —, Long-Island, had a school-master for a son. When his occupation called him away from home, he found it necessary to have all his clothes marked: 'Now,' the old lady said, 'it took her two daughters all their time to mark her son's clothes; so she procured a bottle of *'durable ink*;' and, said she, 'in less than half an hour them gals had my son's *entrails* on all his clothes!' — THERE was another old woman in the town of A —, who had the misfortune to be half crazy. Once upon a time, being in church, she took upon herself the duty of the minister and commenced preaching; whereupon two of the deacons carried her out; and she, very much elated, said: 'My MASTER had but one *ass* to carry him, but I have *two*!' — DURING the year 1819, while the yellow-fever was raging with such violence in this city, a gentleman travelling from New-York, stopped at a country-town, where the inhabitants were mostly Dutch. During his stay, he was asked if the report was true, that two or three hundred died every day in the city? He gave a negative answer, and said there had been only fifty or sixty cases in all. 'Well,' said the Dutchman, 'how many generally come in a case?' - - - THE '*Fountain City Herald*' has a correspondent who is endeavoring to rival 'Mr. PEPPER':

<p>'Away up to the little Schoolhouse not far far away, There i heard a preacher praying And these sweet words did say fly to the mountain lot for life and do not make a halt away he went with his loving wife but she looked back and is a pillar of salt all the world is mery and cheery every where I roam the DEVIL is dead there is nothing to fear ye and that is good news at home</p>	<p>its an awfull sight his old foot to see or to hear his old chins rattle i heard it and I tell it to thee he is long ago dead in battle but since he has gone to come back no more to doubt i am little in clind that be fore he had went he left some of his kindred behind if so all the world is sad and dreary every where i roam if old nick has sons and they are near ye why that is bad news at home.'</p>
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The 'cause why' the 'pome was wrote' is thus stated:

'I was lisning to a preacher a few nights
ago preach on the truths of Spiritualism
his texts was fly for your life
the cheaf subject of his preaching
was on the distruction of sodom
and gomorrow and of lots wife
and this piece I prepared from
it for the fountain city herald.'

This is a 'preface' at the *end* of the 'pome.' - - - We are decidedly opposed to a rail-road in Broadway, and believe a very large majority of our citizens are of the same opinion. On the Avenues they are a great public benefit and convenience, as the thousands can testify who have taken the Sixth-avenue cars to visit the Crystal Palace the past fall. We believe all the city rail-roads are well managed; and surely the charge of five cents for a ride of three or four miles is as low as it should be. We can speak from personal observation of the excellent management of the Sixth-avenue road. The conductors are

always polite and obliging, and the drivers experienced and careful. We need not wish the enterprising officers and stock-holders success, for they have it abundantly; but we hope that in this city of constant change, this, as well as the rail-roads on the other Avenues, may be considered 'permanent institutions.' They will be appreciated more and more as their extension is required by the wants of the public. - - - ONE of the marked 'features' of Broadway is the truly magnificent *Book-Establishment of the Messrs. Appleton*, occupying the large free-stone structure, formerly the New-York Society Library edifice. By a steady course of honorable and high-minded dealing, good judgment in selecting, and great enterprise in circulating their publications, the Messrs. APPLETON have secured a place in the very front rank of American book-sellers. The following, from the '*Courier and Inquirer*' daily journal, will afford a measurable idea of the character of their establishment:

'THE opening of the new publishing and book-selling establishment of the Messrs. APPLETON on Broadway, in the building formerly occupied by the Society Library, is deserving of something more than passing notice, not only as an enterprise so closely connected with the refinements and pleasures of the public, but as a fact of some importance in the progress of the resources of the city. The shops in New-York are both causes and effects of its prosperity; and when luxury and good taste are associated with industry and bare money's worth, as in the case of the marble palace of the STEWARTS, and in the new accommodations of the APPLETONS, it is a gain to all parties. The purchaser will buy his books as cheaply or (with the extension of the business) *cheaper* than ever, and will have his property beside in the convenience and elegance about him. This is true enough of every fine shop; but most of all, of a book-store which is converted at once from a mere ware-room into a costly free public library. The book-shelves of the APPLETONS we consider no unhappy continuation of the old library which preceded them. Certainly, nowhere will be found greater facilities for the knowledge of all of the most important departments of literature in the new, and especially the more valuable, works of the day. The den in which an English publisher hides himself, or the order-room from which his publications are sold, offer no such advantages to the purchaser. You will find no such brilliant establishments for books, among the famous houses for wares of all other kinds, in Oxford-street, Regent-street, or the Boulevards.

'The building now occupied by the APPLETONS was originally built for the purposes of the Society Library, at the cost of about ninety thousand dollars, in 1835, and was held for that purpose till the last year, when it was purchased with the lot for a sum exceeding one hundred thousand dollars. The alterations to adapt it to its present uses, a work of no little judgment, have been carried out after the architectural plans of Mr. W. E. WORTHEN, and consist chiefly of the addition of a new basement and an attic story, with the remodelling of the great central body of the building by new floors. These alterations, involving a large expenditure, have been accompanied by other changes and additions, tending to the convenience and security of the premises. The whole building is heated by steam-pipes, supplied from a boiler in a vault under Catharine-lane. This boiler also affords power for the supply of water to the upper stories, for the convenience of the occupants and the security of the building.

'In order not to obstruct the entrance or side-walk on Broadway, a separate building has been constructed on Catharine-lane, as a hoist-way for goods to which the steam-power may be applied.

'There are other side-entrances on Leonard-street, which forms the northern boundary of the building, for the receipt and delivery of goods in the book-establishment. The second story is divided into three large rooms, suited to mercantile purposes. The third and fourth stories, comprising fourteen rooms, are adapted for engravers, architects, engineers, etc. The upper story is designed exclusively for artists, having a north light

in each of the eight rooms. The Messrs. APPLETON occupy the entire first floor and basement, each sixty feet by one hundred, with the front-vaults and under-cellars.

'Artistic effect has been studied in the interior decorations of the first floor: the ceiling is supported by fourteen Corinthian columns, in imitation of Sienna marble. The ceiling and walls are painted in fresco, from designs executed by NOWLAND AND KEARNEY. The book-cases and shelving are of plain oak, in length two hundred and seventy feet. The basement, comprising the wholesale department, is fitted up with alcoves containing more than five hundred lineal feet of shelving, and a capacity of ten thousand cubic feet.

'The ware-housing of the books in sheets, and the materials, are kept by the Messrs APPLETON in various portions of the city—an arrangement the wisdom of which the recent deplorable loss of the Messrs. HARPER makes manifest. Messrs. APPLETON's own publications, of which the choice library-edition of the *Spectator* may be taken as an index, represent a fair proportion of the best authors, both old and new, while their imported stock covers the whole range of the most available library-literature, 'Nature's great stereotypes,' the BACONS, SWIFTS, MILTONS, MACAULAYS, and their fellows. Of *éditions de luxe* their shelves and counters are full: books which in every style and every subject combine intrinsic worth with elegance. It will repay our readers to examine for themselves this splendid establishment.'

This is indeed a 'book-store.' - - - If Miss 'F. C.,' the young lady of B —, New-Jersey, to whom the ensuing lines are addressed by an admiring swain, does n't like them, after perusing and *thinking* over them a little, let her white hand inclose them to us in an envelope, and we will 'hush them up,' and apologize for our correspondent into the bargain:

'In olden time, when war was rife,
And freemen fought the Hessian crew,
The color thickest in the strife,
Was blue — the brave old Jersey blue,
The Jersey blue, the Jersey blue;
In war, beware the Jersey blue!

'But not alone on tented field
Do arrows pierce my gizzard through;
Though triple brass should form my shield,
I fall before the Jersey blue.
The Jersey blue, the Jersey blue;
The eye that wounds in Jersey blue!

May it 'wound to heal!' - - - A GENTLEMAN in Ohio, given to speculation in the structures of legs and feathers commonly known as Shanghai chickens, was much annoyed by the rats. Determined to endure it no longer, he constructed a large box-trap, which he baited with a liberal supply of grease, corn, and other articles for which rats are supposed to have a *penchant*. The next morning, the boys ran in to him in a state of excitement, announcing the fact of a tremendous 'bobbery' being kicked up in the trap, which, of course, proceeded from a captured rat. In a few moments, the box was carefully lifted, and suddenly plunged into the water-butt, where it was kept submerged until long after the commotion had subsided. Then, the trap was triumphantly lifted, disclosing to the astonished bird-fancier the swollen body of — *his favorite fifteen-dollar Shanghai rooster!* *Apropos* of Shanghais: take notice, that there was organized, in September last, the 'New-York State Society for the Improvement of Domestic Poultry,' the first annual exhibition of which is to be held on the seventh, eighth, and ninth days of February instant, at VAN VECHTEN Hall, Albany. 'Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!' — 'Qut-qut-qut-qut-dar-cut!' Won't *there* be a crowing and a cackling! We have received an invitation to forward

specimens from *our* 'stock of choice poultry!' Have n't got 'narry poultry,' male or female; but if the Society chooses to *send* us some, we will endeavor to 'improve' upon them, for the *next* annual exhibition. A handsome cock and hen will do to begin with. - - - CONCERNING a gentleman of considerable wealth and influence, now living in the Wabash country, the following is related, which may be interesting in these '*fast*' times: Many years ago, before he had yet attained to station in the monetary world, he had a great taste for 'fiddling,' and exercised it, it is said, to the advantage of his purse sometimes at the dancing-parties in the neighborhood. During a revival, one winter, in one of the churches of the town where he lived, he, among others, became greatly 'concerned.' His favorite amusement being well known, he was advised that, in the event of his becoming a member, he would have to lay aside his violin. Convinced of the sinfulness of the uses to which he had often applied that instrument, he was still loth to give it up entirely. He therefore tried to effect a compromise between religious duty and worldly inclination by inquiring of the proper church-authorities if he might not be allowed to play a few *slow* tunes!' What a ridiculous compromise, and how much *more* ridiculous the 'rules' that required it! - - - THE following epitaphs are carved upon tomb-stones in the neighborhood of Sudbury, Vermont:

'A MOTHER'S care so numerous are,
A man doth never know:
Three children dear she has left in the care
Of him in whom she trusted on.'

'Oh, cruel gun! why was it *him*
That you must shoot so dead?
Why could you not have missed your shot,
And fired above his head?'

WE do the public a service by stating, that MR. R. T. YOUNG, book-seller, Number One Hundred and Forty, Fulton-street, manufactures an improved adhesive MUSIC AND LETTER FILE, which is the most convenient and useful thing of the kind we have seen. Letters can be attached by simply moistening the edges, and as permanently secured as if bound in a volume. In this way they can always be referred to without the least delay. - - - HERE is a specimen of *amor patriæ*: A friend living in London during 1851, had frequently noticed at his fish-monger's sundry signs of 'American Ice,' 'Norway Ice,' and 'English Ice.' One day he asked, 'Which ice do you esteem the best? the American, I suppose?' 'No, Sir, not at all,' replied the fish-monger; 'the English is the best, and next the Norway; the fact is, American ice is nothing but *water congealed*!' That's *our* kind! - - - 'Q.,' who sends us the following, need not stay 'in the corner': 'During the war of 1812, an old gentleman who was always on the alert to obtain the latest news from the army, made his usual inquiry of a wag. 'The latest news from the army,' replied the wag, 'is, that they are *in statu quo*.' 'Ah?—*how far's that from Montreal?*' asked the old gentleman. B——, a very smart business-man, on being informed that an off-shoot of 'O. F. M.' had inquired if he moved in the 'first circles,' said: 'Tell him, yes, when they don't pay their debts!' - - - WE deeply grieve to hear, at the moment of sending the present number to the press, of the death, at Savannah, Georgia, of an old and warmly-esteemed friend and correspond-

ent, HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON. We shall avail ourselves of another occasion to do justice to his genius as a writer, and his noble and kindly character a man. His loss is irreparable. - - - The story, in our December number, of the deacon who sent an order for 'to sam bux,' reminds a correspondent of a similar order from a country dentist to his correspondent in town. It read something like this: 'Please send by the bearer 2 4 teeth;' *i. e.*, two *fore* or front teeth. Phonographic, was n't it? - - - In northern Illinois are two brothers, who officiate, as occasions offer, in the church as exhorters, or something of the kind, and flatter themselves on the peculiar spirit in which they at times enter upon their humble calling. On one occasion, the elder brother, in descanting at some length upon the characteristics of each, gave the following forcible illustration of his 'spiritual superiority:' 'Brother GEORGE,' said he, 'can exhort and sing, but he can't *pray*. I can pray his shirt off!'

Children's Side-Table.

'LIKE many others, I am a constant reader of your Child's Gossip, and have got great good thereby; and, as I was making a call, a few days since, my friend told me an anecdote of her little girl, a rose-bud of four summers. Her mother had early taught her to 'say her prayers' every night before she went to sleep, telling her that if she did so, 'God would always take good care of her.'

The other day, while romping about the yard, by a little mishap, she received a hard fall. She came running into the house, her little blue eyes flashing, and said to her mother:

'Mamma, I won't pray to God again, for He don't *half* take care of me!'

She was not inclined to allow any breach of contract, even though it was made by power of attorney.'

'LITTLE EMMA having done something displeasing to her 'mamma,' was asked if she expected to go to Heaven, if she acted in such a way. The little one seemed much surprised, but presently exclaimed:

'Mother, can't we all go up to Heaven on the 'dumb-waiter'?''

'I SEND the following item of 'Baby-Literature,' for insertion in your next 'Table': WILLIE, a two-year-old young 'man,' brother to a friend of mine, was suddenly moved to tell a story; and the story which he told, in his own language, was as follows:

'WILLIE looked out of the window, and saw a 'gate whale.' WILLIE looked down the whale's mouth, and saw JONAH. WILLIE put a stick down, and pulled he out. JONAH said, 'T'ank you, WILLIE;' and the whale stuck up his tail, an' laughed!'

'A BLACKSMITH's little boy, some three years old, was often in the shop among the workmen, one of whom delighted in teasing him. One day, he lingered long in the house near his mother; until, noticing his seriousness, she asked:

'What does my LYMAN want? what is he waiting for?'

'Why, Ma, I want to know who made me?'

'When his mother had explained that question, so puzzling to all 'little folk,' telling him that God made him, and the world, and all things, his smile returned, and he ran off to the shop as usual. As he came near the anvil, his tormentor exclaimed:

'Now, boy, I'll cut your leg off!'

'His mother's lesson fresh on his mind, he did not shrink, this time, but shouted back again:

'I don't care! I can go to God's shop, and get it mended!'

'IN the time of 'TIP. and TR.,' politics ran, like 'the measles,' or any other infectious disease, through 'whole families, and all 'took sides,' from prattling two-year-olds, to octogenarian grandmothers. CHARLEY, like his father, was a 'strong Whig;' and,

although very fond of his grand-father, with whom they lived, resisted all inducements to agree with him in politics. He was particularly happy when allowed to sleep with the old people, and it was only granted as a special favor. One night, they heard him patterring into their bed-room, but said nothing, and he soon called out:

"Gran'pa! don't you hear little feet a-coming?"

"Go back! you're a Whig. We can't have any *Whigs* here," was the reply.

CHARLEY stood a moment: the struggle was evidently a hard one, but the temptation was too strong; a circumstance known, perhaps, to many older than he, as gave up his principles to secure a personal end.

"The next day, at dinner, his grandpa mentioned his 'conversion':

"You was a 'Loco' last night, at any rate!"

"Oh, it was *dark*, then!" responded the child; as ready with an excuse as any other politician.

"We have, in the family of which I am an inmate, a darling little fellow of three summers, who often puzzles the 'older heads.' We had had a fall of snow through the day, which passed away during the night: little GEORGIE was gazing intently out of the window, the next morning, when he suddenly broke silence with: 'Ma, it's gone!'

"What's gone, GEORGIE?"

"The snow, Ma!"

"What's become of the snow, GEORGIE?"

"It's gone — gone to God's house: God knows how to *make* snow."

At another time he was promised by a beggar-woman 'that when she came again, she would bring him a little rosy-cheeked girl.' He, with all a child's animation, in relating it to me, said:

"Oh! a lady was here to-day, and said she would bring me a little *flower*-cheeked girl!"

"HERE is something which we Hoosiers consider quite 'tall' for a little girl of three years. Her Sunday-school teacher had told her that we were all made of dust: arrived at home, she looked up in her mother's face with an anxious, inquiring glance, and said:

"Ma, has Dad got any more dust left?"

"Why, my daughter? what makes you ask such a question?"

"Cause if he has, I want HIM to make me a little brother!"

THE following incident was told me by a neighbor, in relation to her little girl of four summers, which I think is worthy a place among the sayings of the 'little ones' in your Table. EMMA had been fretful and somewhat unruly during the day, and, as a punishment, had been sent to bed earlier than usual, with an injunction to say her prayers, as is her usual custom before retiring at night. Soon after she entered her room, her friends heard her at her devotions, in which she asked for sundry blessings on her parents, and closed as follows:

"O Lord! make me a good little girl, and do try and not let me be so spunky: if *You'll* try, *I'll* try!"

"I HAVE a little brother, whose 'sayings' have afforded much merriment in his own family. I send you a few of them:

"One day, some of the family were talking of various religious denominations, and, among others, of Quakers. He listened attentively a few moments, and then asked, earnestly:

"Ma, is Dad a Quaker?"

"He is very fond of the country, and has a corresponding dislike to the city. He once asked if Heaven was like town? for if it was, he 'did not want to go there!'

"When the murderer, SPRING, was executed, we were all talking of it. His little face appeared full of thought, which finally expressed itself in the question:

"Would they hang *me*, if I was to kill myself?"

"When his father died, seeing his mother overcome with grief, he nestled up to her side, and, placing his little arms about her neck, whispered:

"'Dy will be done on ear', as it is in Heben!"

'I HAVE a little curly-headed nephew, who often accompanies me in my morning-rides. Once, when passing my homestead, I remarked that there was where his aunt NELLY used to live, when she was a little girl.

'And where did little cousin NELLY live, then?' he innocently asked.

'I took little FRANKY to the sea-beach, to see the bathers. On one of them advancing and speaking to him, he remarked, quite soberly:

'Mr. R —, you look like a great, big CUPID!'

'JOHNNY, one bright evening, was standing by the window, gazing at the moon and stars; and, after looking for some time very intently, he turned and said to his mother, who was sitting beside him:

'Mamma! what are those bright little things in the sky? — are they the *moon's little babies?*'

'In my days of boyhood,' (writes 'N. L.,' of Cincinnati,) 'I read, with great pleasure the first effort of SAMUEL JOHNSON, at rhyming. As near as my memory serves me it read as follows. He was said to have been ten years of age:

"BENEATH this stone, here lies the toad
That SAMUEL JOHNSON trod on;
If it had lived, 't would have been good luck,
For then there'd have been an odd one.'

'How does this compare with the following lines, written by a boy *not* ten years of age, as a parody on the 'Last Rose of Summer?'

••THE LAST PIG OF WINTER

"'T is the last little roaster, he's squeaking his last;
His curled-tail companions are eaten and past:
No pig of his kindred, no grunter is nigh,
To give squeak for squeak, or return cry for cry.

"'I'll not leave thee, thou good-roast, to spoil in the pen:
Since the piggies are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I'll scatter thy bones o'er the plate,
Where thy greasy companions have met a like fate.'

'P. S. I have delayed sending this letter, till the little boy should be in town, to get him to write the third verse. He was in yesterday, and I told him if he would write a third verse, equal to the first two, I would give him a ten-dollar gold-piece, and leave his claim to the ten dollars to SANTA CLAUS: that he should hang up his stocking, and I would put the ten-dollar gold-piece in my pocket, for SANTA CLAUS to take from it and put in his stocking, if he was entitled to it. It was in his stocking this morning. Was the decision a just one?

"Thus, too, may I perish, when pigs are no more!
Their grave I cherish, their meat I adore.
When small pigs are parted, and meats all decay,
Oh! who would inhabit this world for a day?'

'He retired for a few minutes, returned, and repeated the above lines, which I wrote down. He has not yet been taught to write.'

'We have a darling boy of three and a half years old, who is the light of our eyes, and the joy of our hearts—a perfect beam of sun-shine; always animated, always bright; a dear prattler, who draws toward him, by a magnetic influence, all who see him. He lost, a year ago, a little baby-brother. Espying, one day, in his mother's drawer, a box, he recognized it at once as having belonged to his brother. 'Oh, Mamma!' said he, 'there is HERBERT's little box, and when I die, I will take it up to heaven with me for him!'

'Another day, not long since, he was cutting papers by my side. He looked up very thoughtfully, and asked:

'Mother, can God come down here for a moment?'

'I could not answer so as to make him comprehend the mystery of God's existence, so I merely replied:

'GEORGE can always be seen by God, wherever he is.'

'Well, mamma, He can't come down here, for He has got nothing to walk upon!'

'He saw another baby-brother brought to our good rector for baptism. For the first time, he saw him robed in his black gown, as this holy rite was performed in the house. The minister, when he left us, put on his great, old-fashioned coat, which reached to his feet. Running up to him with all the confidence of childhood, and taking hold of the coat, he said:

'Say! is this your *preach-coat*?'

'THERE has been a death of a little girl in the neighborhood, which caused much mourning and mystery to EMMA and MARY, and their mother undertook to explain to them the beauties of Heaven, and how happy the child was. They asked if she was an angel, and had wings? Their mother said, 'Yes, she hoped so.' MARY immediately asked, 'What, wings just like our rooster, Mother?' So the tears have ceased since as their 'cower' is the beauty of their poultry-yard.'

'MANY years ago, before the days of steam-boats and rail-cars, my aunt, with her little daughter, came to visit my mother, then living on the coast, in a small sea-port town of Maine, in one of the small trading-packets so plenty at that time; and on board was a young cabin-boy, by name METHUSALEH, who was very kind to the little MARY ANN, whiling away many an hour for her with his pranks and fun. On a Sunday, soon after their arrival, my aunt, as was her wont, was catechising the little girl:

'MARY ANN,' said the mother, 'who was the oldest man?'

'MARY ANN hung her head, and thought, and thought; but no answer was forthcoming.

'METHUSALEH, my dear.'

'Oh, no, Ma!' exclaimed the young catechumen, with great energy; 'you know he was the youngest man aboard!'

'A FEW evenings ago, I was surrounded with several of my youngest children: the subject of conversation was the approaching Christmas, with the presents to be then received, one wishing to have this thing, and one to have that, etc. I said, 'Very well—all right: but who will give Papa any thing?—there is no body that will make him a present.'

'A few seconds of very 'expressive silence' supervened; it was broken by a little plump, ringleted cherub, of four years, who, with earnest voice, exclaimed:

'Now, what do you want, Papa?'

'I replied, I wanted to be better. As quick as thought, she said:

'You are good enough, Papa.'

'Oh, no!' I rejoined, 'by no means.' Her quick response was:

'But, Papa, you are good enough for me!'

'As a parent, I crave no richer Christmas gift than this response; it touched my heart of hearts.'

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

'THAT is God's shadow, Mother, is it not,
Though God Himself, you say, we cannot see?'
So asked a boy, beside his parent's knee,
While through the windows of their humble cot
Its blinding glare the sudden lightning shot.
'Not so, my child! dark things, alone,' said she,
'When shone upon, a shadow cast; and He
Is brightest of all brightness: hast forgot
How thou wast taught that even archangels, when
They come before the EVERLASTING ONE,
His awful glories dare not look upon?'
The boy seemed thoughtful; but soon spoke again,
And said: 'Mamma, it is the shadow, then,
Of an archangel by God's burning throne!'

☞ We have been compelled to postpone, until our next, a score or more of characteristic and beautiful anecdotes, and witty, innocent prattle of 'Little Folk' all over the Union. But 'be good children,' boys and girls, and you shall be 'heard from' soon.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'*Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe.*' Isn't that a good title? The book is by 'GRACE GREENWOOD,' now Mrs. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, (editress of '*The Little Pilgrim*,' that charming and beautifully-executed paper for children, recently commended in these pages, and which is gaining so rapidly upon the public favor.) We have read the volume *through*—every word of it; and although going over oft-scanned fields, our fair author gives us new tints to the glasses through which we look. Her descriptive talent is remarkable. She doesn't paint with what artists term a 'rich brush,' but her *outlines* are as clear and expressive as DARLEY's. The natural scenery, and the works of various art, which came under her observation, and especially the eminent literary and other personages whom she encountered, are described to the life. But we reserve farther comment upon the work for another occasion.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC, for 1854, from the press of JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston, is a very beautiful miniature-book, plentifully illustrated with attractive engravings, including, beside flower-emblems for the months, portraits, with brief biographies, of our latest and most popular lady-writers. We perceive that a WOMAN represents TIME, with her hour-glass and scythe, on the cover of this little gem of a book. This is as it should be, and ought always to have been. With this change, one can speak of the 'womb of TIME' with propriety.

YOUR old-fashioned romance-reader, who likes to sup full of distress, and to be kept on the tenter-hooks of expectation; who would have his favorite heroine in trouble to the last, and his hero knocked and buffeted about 'from title-page to colophon,' will find in '*Vasconselos*,' recently published by REDFIELD, a novel to his mind. That it has power, and that it contains scenes of much interest, cannot be denied; but that, as a whole, it is not to our taste, we candidly confess: and yet we 'have seen it praised; ay, and that highly, too.'

'HEALTH-TRIP TO THE TROPICS,' from SCRIBNER's press, is a collection, in a good-sized volume, of the graphic and felicitous letters written by Mr. N. P. WILLIS, while on a tour to the West-India islands, Louisiana, etc. They possess all the best characteristics of his style, and enable his readers to 'see with his eyes, and hear with his ears.' Moreover, his own experience in health-seeking, which he narrates with *rememberable* effect, will be of great service to invalids bent upon a similar mission.

'DRESS AS A FINE ART.' We need but mention the title of this work, to secure for it the attention of 'the ladies.' It is by Mrs. MERRIFIELD, an English lady, and appeared originally in the '*London Art Journal*,' in a series of articles, which achieved a wide popularity. There is a separate chapter devoted to 'Head-Dresses,' and another to 'Children's Dresses.' It is very profusely illustrated with outline drawings of ancient and modern 'lay-figures'; and embraces many sound remarks upon the preservation of the health of females. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston.

Mr. CHARLES B. NORTON, under the IRVING-House, Chambers-street, is doing good service to the reading and literary public. POOLE's '*Index to Periodical Literature*,' a large and laborious work, in which the contents of fifteen hundred volumes are brought into the narrowest possible space, is one of his recent issues. Another publication, of great value as a work of record and reference, is his '*Literary Register*,' for 1844, containing ample accounts of foreign and domestic libraries, proceedings of library-conventions, library-statistics, educational registers, American publications and publishers for 1853, etc., etc. Mr. NORROX also publishes, on the first and fifteenth of every month, '*Norton's Literary Gazette and Publisher's Circular*,' a well-printed journal of sixteen quarto pages, edited with great industry and good judgment, embracing information in relation to all current and prospective literature, at home and abroad, with the advertisements and announcements of publishers, etc.

'THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS,' the large and most liberally-illustrated quarto serial, issued by PUTNAM AND COMPANY, is a work which does honor no less to the publishers' enterprise than to American art. It will soon be completed and bound in vc

lumes; and then we shall set before our readers in deserved detail, the beauty and value of the work.

THOSE American readers—and it appears they are many—who welcomed 'The Preacher and the King,' from the French of L. BUNGENER, will not be slow in securing a perusal of '*The Priest and the Huguenot, or Persecution in the Age of Louis XV.*,' by the same author, and issued by the same publishers, Messrs. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston. The author, a minister of the Reformed Church of Geneva, informs the translator that his works have been conceived upon the plan of exhibiting, in a series, the principal religious aspects of France, from the age of Louis XIV., to the close of the last century. The third of the series, now ready for publication, will be 'VOLTATRE, and his Times,' and the last, 'JULIAN, or the End of a Century.'

LET us hope that much good may ensue, both to ministers and their congregations, from a work translated from the French of A. VINET, D.D., by Rev. THOMAS H. SKINNER, D.D., the American editor. It is entitled '*Homiletics, or the Theory of Preaching*,' and is published by the new and enterprising house of IVISON AND PHINNEY, Fulton-street. Both the author and translator have felt the necessity of modifying preaching, so as to suit it to the character of the age; and the present work, it is believed by the latter, 'will be regarded universally as in the first rank of scholarship, learning, intellectual affluence and power, grace and beauty, and order and perfection of execution.'

'*De Veres' Comparative Philology*,' published by PUTNAM, states briefly, in a popular manner, and with a view to give rather suggestive than complete information, what comparative Philology is, and what it has done. It is a carefully-reasoned and philosophically-illustrated work, and must prove a valuable aid to the philological student.

A HANDSOME volume, containing '*Letters and Miscellanies in Prose, Rhyme, and Blank Verse*,' by LOUISE ELEMJAY, ('L. M. J.,') has been sent us by the publishers, Messrs. MOORE, ANDERSON, WILSTACH AND KEYS, Cincinnati. In the absence of an adequate opportunity to judge, we can only infer its merit from the public demand for it. The present is the second edition. The authoress is a lady of the South.

THROUGH the kindness of the American publishers, BANGS, BROTHERS, in Park-Row, we are in receipt of several new and valuable publications, from the popular press of BORN, London, of whose cheap and valuable libraries we have heretofore spoken, at different times in these pages. A valuable work from the London press of INGRAM, COOKE AND COMPANY, entitled '*English Forests and Forest-Trees*,' opens our present list of foreign books. It is historical, legendary, and descriptive, and is embellished with numerous illustrations. We should think it would supply an important desideratum to the American landscape-gardener, and be a useful adjunct to gentlemen of taste and wealth, who would ornament their grounds in the most picturesque and diversified manner. Moreover, it is filled with very pleasant and various reading, independent of its incidental artistic information.

'*Norway and its Scenery*,' from the press of BORN, is an extremely interesting as well as valuable book. It comprises the 'Journal of a Tour' by EDWARD PRICE, Esq., with many additions, and constitutes beside a hand-book for tourists, with hints to anglers and sportsmen. It is edited and compiled by THOMAS FORESTER, Esq., A.M., author of 'Norway in 1848-9,' etc. The minute description given of that wild, wonderful, and sublime northern region is replete with deep interest. We could wish that the engravings, which are sufficiently numerous, had been in better keeping with the fine paper and luxurious typography of the book.

THE last two volumes of DE QUINCEY'S Works, published in an excellent form by Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston, contain his '*Essays on Philosophical Writers and other Men of Letters*,' embracing Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, MACINTOSH, KANT, in his miscellaneous essays, HERDER, RICHTER, with his '*Analects*,' LESSING, BENTLEY, and FARR. All these reviews have acquired a wide and well-deserved repute.

WE have 'posted up' a few of our books, and 'brought up our leeway' a little, in the foregoing record; but some twenty works, among them several already popular productions, and four or five by personal friends and correspondents, must 'bide their time' until another issue. When we have '*caught up*' with the publishers, we shall endeavor to '*keep up*' with them.